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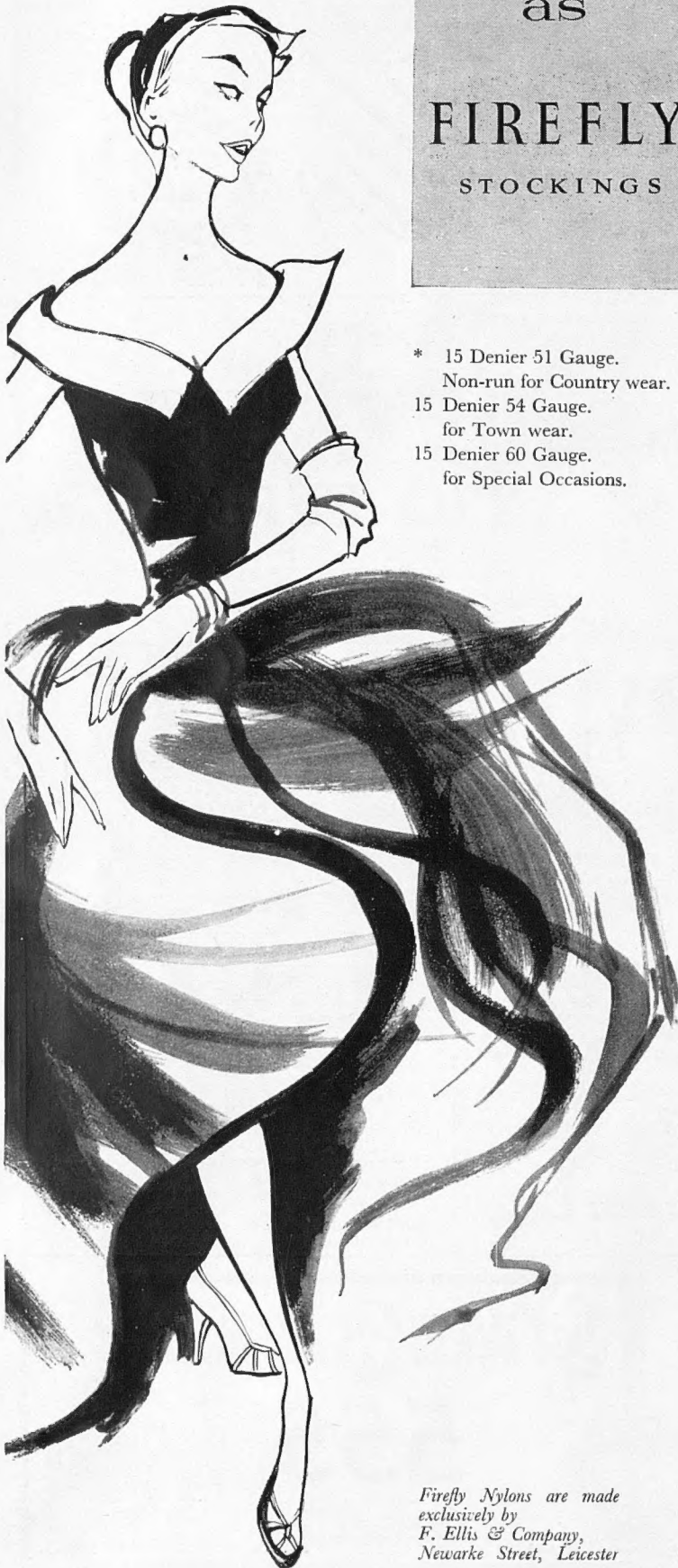
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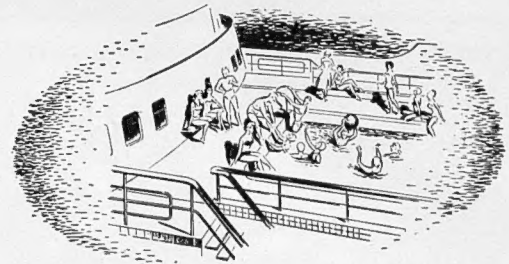


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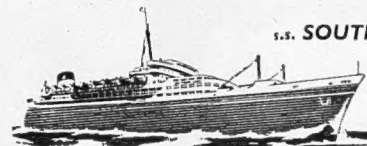


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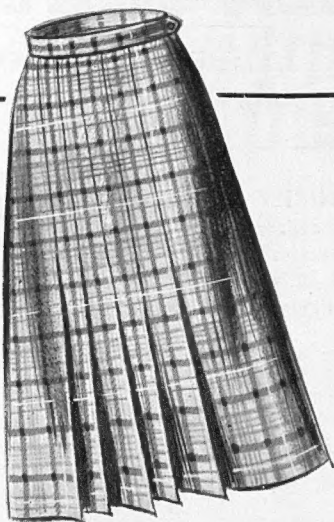
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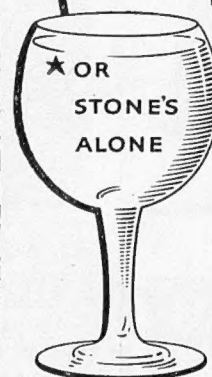
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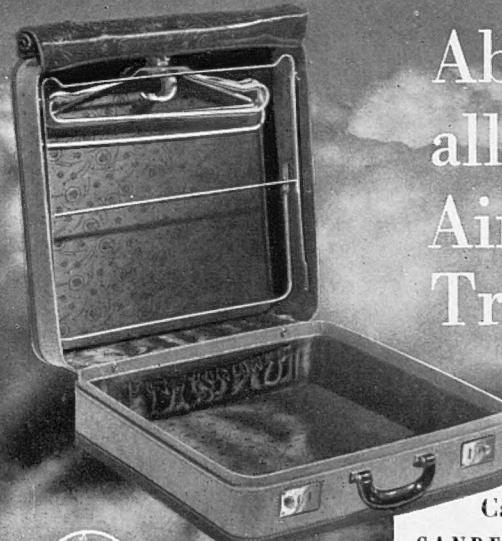


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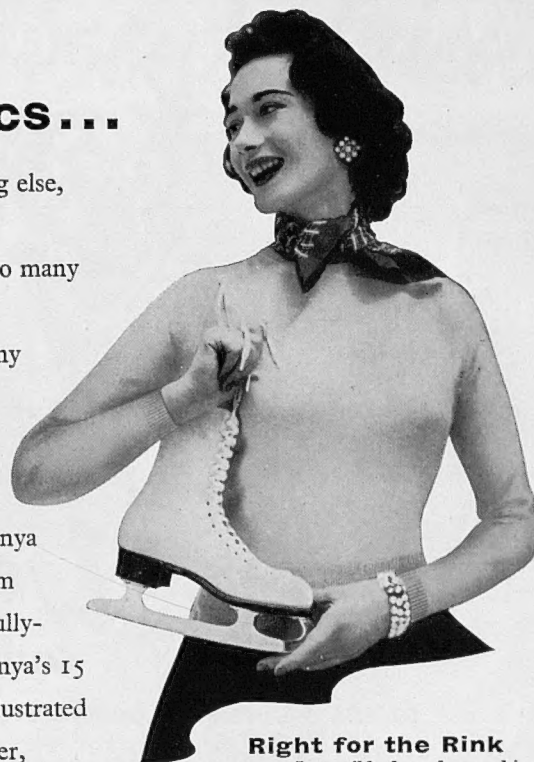
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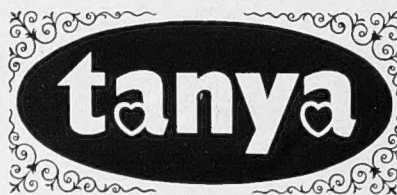
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Marcus Adams

An inspiration for the New Year

THIS delightful portrait of the Queen with her children, Prince Charles and Princess Anne, is one of happiest augury for 1955. In the past year the affection in which Her Majesty is held personally has been strengthened throughout the Commonwealth by first-hand experience, and in her children her subjects see reflected the happiness and tranquil home life of their own. With such mutual respect and understanding between ruler and people, the country enters upon the New Year with high confidence



Betty Swaebe

LADY ANNE COWDRAY leads a very active life at her home, Broadleas, near Devizes. She not only runs a successful dairy farm, but also a school, which until recently included boarders. She is sitting under a portrait of herself in the drawing-room at Broadleas, with Jane aged twelve, Teresa, fourteen, and Orlando, Viscount Cowdray's heir, who will be eleven in June. All the children are very keen on riding and have their own ponies. Lady Anne is a daughter of the fifth Earl of Bradford

A Wiltshire interior

An intermission, with her three children, in the busy life of Lady Anne Cowdray

The Social Journal

Jennifer

A ROYAL GUEST TO TEA

QUEEN ELIZABETH the Queen Mother, wearing a steel blue silk dress with a long silver fox stole and little blue flower petal cap, came to a delightful Christmas tea party and reception given by the Canadian Women's Club at the headquarters of the Overseas League. The Queen Mother was received by Mrs. Norman Robertson, wife of the Canadian High Commissioner in London, and vice-president of the Club, with Mrs. George Moseley, chairman of the Canadian Women's Club, and Doreen Lady Brabourne, vice-chairman of the Overseas League.

Among members of the committee then presented to Her Majesty were Mrs. Michael Albury, Mrs. L. K. de Courcy-Ireland, Mrs. John D. Murray, Mrs. J. Hubert Dunn, acting treasurer, and Mrs. W. P. Hampshire. When the Queen Mother arrived upstairs she was greeted by Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, who I noticed wore her maple leaf brooch pinned on the front of her reseda green wool dress. She had arrived a short time before the Queen Mother, who greeted her with a kiss, and inquired after her recent chill.

THE tea tables were decorated with pink roses and pink carnations, and on them were delicious home-made cakes, some of which Mrs. Moseley (who is an excellent cook herself) had made specially for the occasion. Wearing a little pink feather trimmed hat with a black dress, she sat on the Queen Mother's left at tea, and others at the table with them included Lady Lever, Mrs. Inverness Watts, both vice-presidents, and Mrs. Graham Spry and Miss D. Blackader, both vice-chairmen.

After tea, several presentations were made at the table, and among those who came and sat with Her Majesty were Miss Florence Davis, for long a member of the Club, who incidentally runs their bridge games, and Mrs. Rupert Cooke, another original member of the Club which was inaugurated in 1932 by Mrs. Howard Ferguson, wife of the Canadian High Commissioner of that time.

ALSO presented were Lady Japp, who originally came from Montreal, Mrs. Grant-Morden, a past chairman, Mrs. Kenneth Kent, Mrs. William Wilson, and Mrs. John Tudhope, a former committee member who takes a big interest in helping Canadian students in this country. Another guest who sat and talked for some time to the Queen Mother was the Countess of Bessborough, looking charming in black with a little green hat. Her husband was Governor-General of Canada from 1931-35.

Lady Worsley came with the Queen Mother, the Dowager Marchioness of Willingdon was there, and I met Lady Dashwood, Canadian-born Miss Mary Goldie who accompanied Princess Alice, Mrs. Carlo Delstanche, Mrs. Desmond Laing, who was born in Newfoundland which now comes into the Dominion of Canada, and Mrs. Jessica de Pass, looking very chic with a blue mink stole over her black dress. She has recently returned from a trip to America and Canada, where she was born, and visited her old home in Montreal,

meeting many old friends. Mrs. de Pass was also presented to the Queen Mother at this very enjoyable tea party.

★ ★ ★

THE annual luncheon given by Mr. Cyril Mills and his brother, Mr. Bernard Mills, to inaugurate their splendid circus at Olympia, has become a great institution. Invitations to this luncheon are much sought after, and the guests, who number about 500, always include some of the most interesting personalities in the country. Lord Burghley was once again chairman, and at the end of lunch gave one of his best and most dynamic orations, in which every sentence was amusing, and every incident recalled with brevity and wit.

The Lord Mayor, who later officially opened the circus, was present with the sheriffs, and other guests I saw among a glittering gathering were H.R.H. Prince Axel of Denmark, the Ambassadors of Norway, Sweden, Belgium and the Netherlands, Sir Thomas White, High Commissioner for Australia, Mr. Norman A. Robertson, the Canadian High Commissioner, the Duke and Duchess of Beaufort, the Lord Chamberlain the Earl of Scarbrough and Viscount and, Viscountess Woolton.

Admiral Viscount Cunningham was there, also Field-Marshal Viscount Montgomery, the C.I.G.S. Field-Marshal Sir John Harding and Lady Harding, the Earl and Countess of Westmorland, Viscount Camrose, Lt.-Cdr. Michael Parker, R.N., Col. J. Hulme Taylor, and Mr. Ronald Howe, the very efficient and active Deputy Commissioner in charge of the C.I.D. at Scotland Yard.

MANY of these went in after lunch to see the circus, with its programme of clever and exciting items collected from all over the world. There is also an amusing turn this year by Borra, a pickpocket, who performed some amazing feats. His victims included M. Stikker, the Netherlands Ambassador who had his tie removed by Borra without knowing it had gone!

Besides many of those I have already mentioned, others watching the circus with the greatest interest were Lady Burghley, Mr. and Mrs. Christopher Soames, who had two of their children with them, Lord and Lady Burnham, Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Birney who were hoping to go out to Madeira this week, Joan Princess Aly Khan, Lord Gifford, Sir David and the Hon. Lady Eccles, and Sir Bracewell Smith.

★ ★ ★

WHAT could rightly be described as a glittering audience, one before which a musician of worldwide repute would be proud to play, came to hear a young and practically unknown pianist give a delightful recital shortly before Christmas. In the front rows of chairs were Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, in palest blue lace, accompanied by the Earl of Athlone. Then there were the

[Continued overleaf]



MISS CAMILLA ROBERTS (right) for whom her mother, Mrs. Owen Roberts, gave a party at their Belgrave Square flat, was here awaiting guests with her sister, Miss Lucinda Roberts



COUNTRESS MOUNTBATTEN (centre) with her daughter, Lady Pamela Mountbatten, and Mr. J. P. L. Thomas, First Lord of the Admiralty, at the charity preview of the new musical, *Happy Holiday*, at the Palace Theatre



H.R.H. PRINCESS ALICE, Countess of Athlone, with Captain Edward Terrell, R.N.V.R., chairman and host at the party given by the Chevrons Club in their Dorset Square headquarters



Miss Camilla Straight, elder daughter of Air/Cdre. Whitney Straight and Lady Daphne Straight, and a 1955 débutante, chatting to her host, Mr. Henry Tiarks



Mr. Robin Abel Smith with Miss June Ducas. She is the daughter of Mr. Robert Ducas of the U.S.A., and Mrs. Brian Buchel, and is at present attending a finishing school in Paris



Mr. Robert Mayhew and Miss Emily Abel Smith, who is one of next season's débutantes, were talking with friends. There were sixty-five guests at the party which was given at the Savoy

The Social Journal Continued

Pianoforte recital in a private library

Austrian Ambassador and Mme. Wimmer, a very musical couple, the Brazilian Ambassador and Mme. Leão Gracie and the Cuban Ambassador and Mme. Mendoza, who flew with their young family to Cuba for Christmas, sitting near Mr. Alan and Lady Patricia Lennox-Boyd, the latter looking charming in cornflower blue velvet. The Lennox-Boyd's had kindly lent the long library of their London house for this musical evening, and gave a buffet supper in another room later.

Baroness Ravensdale, another music lover, was there, also Margherita Lady Howard de Walden, Princess Galitzine, Mr. Derek Stanley-Smith, Viscount and Viscountess Norwich, the Hon. Anthony Asquith, Mrs. Andreae, who brought her granddaughter Lady Dunboyne, and Lord Dunboyne, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Wood and Sir Peter Norton-Griffiths, who was over on a short visit from Brussels. Also Sir David and the Hon. Lady Eccles, Lady Dashwood who arrived with a bright yellow satin jacket over her dress, Lady (Charlotte) Bonham-Carter, sitting with Countess Jowitt, Lady Crosfield, Sir Herbert and Lady Cohen and the Hon. James Smith.

THE young musician they had all come to hear was Nigel Coxe, a very gifted pianist who is, incidentally, a nephew of Ivor Newton. He comes from Jamaica and won a scholarship to the Royal College of Music here, and has since completed his military service. Now a fund has been started to raise money to send him to Austria to complete his piano studies and this musical evening was arranged to augment the fund.

He played extremely well, opening his programme with Bach's English Suite in A Minor, and ending with Liszt's Mephisto Walzer, and got great applause. Helping him on the programme was Miss Anna Massey the talented young daughter of actress Adrienne Allen (Mrs. Dwight Whitney) and Raymond Massey. She first recited Elizabethan poems and later told "The Story of Babar" with Nigel Coxe accompanying her on the piano. There is no doubt she has inherited much of her parents' acting ability, and like Nigel Coxe she was also given a great ovation at the end of the recital.

Anna, who is just seventeen, will be among next season's débutantes. She is being pre-

sented by her godmother Lady Anne Holland-Martin at one of the March presentation parties, and her mother is giving a dance for her, and to celebrate her brother Dan Massey's twenty-first birthday party, at their home in one of the enchanting houses of the Grove, Highgate Village, on July 7.

WHILE on the subject of débutantes, I hear from Mrs. Graeme Whitelaw that she and Mrs. Stuart-Menzies of Cudaes, who are giving a joint cocktail party for their daughters Sally Whitelaw and Mariota Stuart-Menzies at Claridge's, have changed the date from March 17 to March 4. This is because, owing to the presentation parties being held so very early this year (March 2 and 3), most parents have wisely decided to send their daughters back to Paris or wherever they are finishing, for another month at least, soon after their presentation.

* * *

THE chic of South American women was greatly in evidence at the Anglo-Brazilian Society Ball at the Dorchester. Perhaps the most soignée of them all was Dona Miriam de Souza Leão Gracie, the charming wife of the Brazilian Ambassador, who wore a beautiful picture dress of steel grey paper taffeta with a spray of pale pink flowers over one shoulder, and a truly exquisite pair of diamond clips on the other shoulder. She stood for nearly an hour receiving the guests with her husband, who is President of the Society, Sir Arthur Evans the chairman, and Lady Evans, who was looking charming in dark green velvet.

Before this, His Excellency and Dona Leão Gracie entertained a big party of friends, who were coming on to the ball, at the Brazilian Embassy in Mount Street for an aperitif. In the second big drawing room at the Embassy their daughter, Senhorinha Elizabeth de Souza Leão Gracie, very attractive in pale grey organza, had a big party of young friends who were also coming to the ball and sitting at her table at the Dorchester. Later, also at the President's table, I saw Sir Arthur and Lady Evans, and the Mexican Ambassador and his very charming wife who looked elegant in a white tulle dress embroidered in crystals. She sat next to the Portuguese Ambassador who had Lady Butler, wife of Sir Neville Butler who was also in the party, on his right.

Another at the table was the Argentine Ambassador also the Venezuelan Ambassador and Mme. Rodriguez-Travieso, Lady Manning, Mr. and Mrs. Edmund de

Rothschild, the latter looking very pretty in a beautifully-cut geranium red faille dress, Sir Jocelyn Lucas, Sir Henry Lynch who was over on a visit from Brazil where he has made his home for many years, Sir Ivor Thomas and Lady Thomas who wore a beaded white satin dress, Sir Donald Gainer, and Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Simpson. At another table the Earl and Countess of Cromer had a party including Sir Rhys Llewellyn, and Mr. Gavin and Lady Irene Astor who wore a pale grey lace dress over pink. When the lucky ticket prizes were drawn she won the very unusual prize of a jeroboam of whisky—something few of us present had ever seen before.

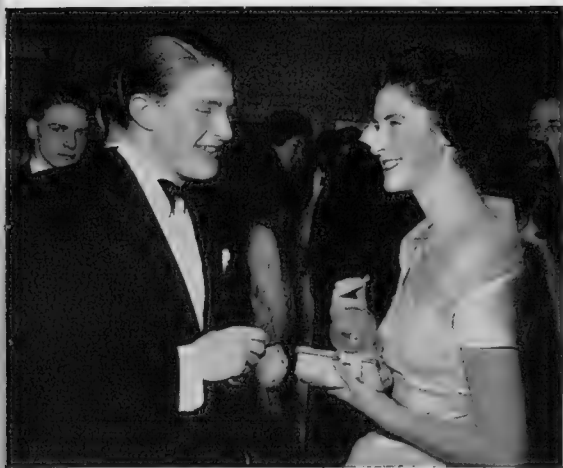
Mr. and Mrs. I. Kernan had a big party, and I met Lady Pulbrook who came with Count A. de Lasta, Sir Andrew Cunningham, Mr. Nicky Prebensen dancing with Senhorinha Elizabeth de Souza Leão Gracie, and Mr. Ronald Gurney who had just returned from Paris where he had thoroughly enjoyed a wonderful party at the British Embassy given by Sir Gladwyn and Lady Jebb. Ronald Gurney's sister Resenda, who is finishing in Paris, is among next season's débutantes, and her mother Lady Gurney is giving a dance for her in June.

There was an excellent cabaret of three dancers, and everyone present was obviously enjoying this really happy evening.

* * *

THE recent National Hunt meeting at Kempton Park must surely have been one of the most successful they have ever had. A sunny Boxing Day brought many thousands of spectators—so many that race cards ran out and car parking for late comers was an impossibility. Racing was good both days, the highlight on Boxing Day being the valuable King George VI Steeplechase over three miles, won by the Contessa di Sant Elia's grand and game little chaser Halloween, who won from last year's winner, Lady Orde's Galloway Bracs. This horse, too, ran a magnificent race, being in the lead nearly all the way. Lord Bicester's Mariner's Log was third. His owner has unfortunately not been too well recently and was not there to see Mariner's Log run, or to see Cintra win the Chiswick Handicap Steeplechase earlier in the afternoon. Contessa di Sant Elia and Lady Orde were, however, both present.

Others in the big crowd were Capt. and Mrs. Christopher Soames, Lady (Noel) Charles, who had backed Halloween, Maj.-Gen. Sir Randle Feilden, Mr. and Mrs. John Thursby, Mrs. George Wilkins and her son, Mr. Dick Wilkins, who owns that useful chaser Riff II,



Mr. Charles Henderson was here in conversation with Miss Sheelin Maxwell, who is a daughter of the late Hon. Somerset Maxwell and the late Mrs. Remington-Hobbs

and Sir Nigel Mordaunt, who was racing with them. Mr. Peter Cazalet had Mrs. Cazalet and Mr. and Mrs. Michael Wilding with him.

Also racegoing during the two days were Sir Gordon and Lady Munro, who won the Christmas Handicap Hurdle with their very useful Syre on the second day, Cdr. and Mrs. Ronald Scott-Miller, the Hon. Dorothy Paget, who came to see her Lanveoc Poulmic run in the King George VI chase, Capt. and Mrs. Edward Kirkpatrick and her son Sir Nicholas Nuttall, who rode his own horse Ballymachola in the last race. Sir Thomas Pilkington, who was flying over to Ireland to hunt the following day was there, also Miss Sally Russell, who is shortly going out to South Africa for a visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Denis Russell, Miss Mary Terry and Mr. Colin Ingleby-Mackenzie.

★ ★ ★

ONE of the happiest and gayest birthday-cocktail parties I have been to recently was the one which Rafaëlle Duchess of Leinster gave in the restaurant below her delightful flat in Grosvenor Square. The hostess, who is one of the most warm-hearted and friendly personalities of London's social world, is an American by birth and has made a host of friends since she came to live in this country. Among those who came to wish her "Happy birthday," which everyone joined in singing when a pink birthday cake lit with pink candles was cut, were the Spanish Ambassador, the Argentine Ambassador, the Austrian Ambassador and Mme. Wimmer, and the Mexican Ambassador and Mme. Icaza. Marshal of the Diplomatic Corps, Sir Guy Salisbury-Jones, was there, also the Vice-Marshal, Mr. Marcus Cheke.

I also met Lord and Lady Barnby, the latter wearing a mink coat over her red dress, Col. and Mrs. Ronald Stanyforth down from their home in Yorkshire, the Marquess of Londonderry, Sir Howard and Lady Kerr down from Derbyshire, the Hon. Morys and Mrs. Bruce, Lord Kilmarnock and the Countess Wavell. Others included Lord and Lady Mansfield, Viscount Boyle, Mrs. Alistair Cameron and Vicomte and Vicomtesse d'Orthez.

★ ★ ★

A GALA première of the film *To Paris—With Love* starring Alec Guinness, is to be given at the Plaza Cinema on January 13, at eight thirty. This is being organized to raise funds for the Queen Elizabeth's Training College for the Disabled. Tickets may be obtained from Viscountess Tarbat, 20a/140 Park Lane, W.1.



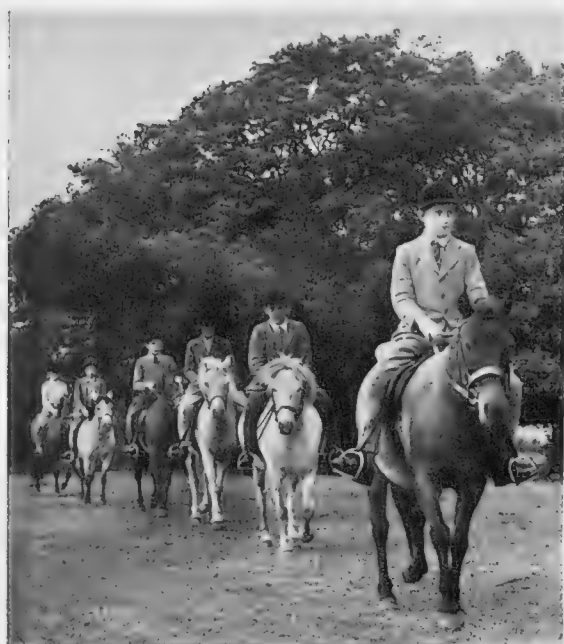
EVENING PARTY FOR HENRIETTA

MR. AND MRS. HENRY TIARKS gave an evening party for their daughter Henrietta. It was attended by many of the future débutantes. Above are seen Miss Naomi Mallock, Miss Alice Orton and Miss Tiarks, for whom the party was given



Desmond O'Neill
Lady Huggins, who is the wife of Sir John Huggins, the Captain-General and Governor-in-Chief of Jamaica from 1943-50, with her hostess, Mrs. Henry Tiarks

The British Horse Society has branches of the Pony Club all over the world. Here are young riders in Australia engaged in cleaning "Tack"



The East Essex Hunt Pony Club held their summer camp at High Garrett, near Braintree, where members are seen taking part in an instructional exercise for horses and riders



'The Pony Club is of special value to very young riders.' The Earl of Lewes at his first meet with the Eridge with his father, the Marquess of Abergavenny

NURSERY FOR GREAT RIDERS

• Col. The Hon. C. G. Cubitt, D.S.O. •

THE story of the Pony Club, which has done so much over the past twenty-five years to encourage the appreciation of fine horsemanship, and to train its exponents in their early youth

IT was a happy day for the world of horsemanship when, in 1929, a group of persons, members of the Institute of the Horse, met at 66 Sloane Street to consider a suggestion made by Major Faudel-Phillips to form a club so that young people could be taught a great deal of what had come to them themselves automatically, as a result of their visits to the stables when they were children.

Motor-cars had displaced many a horse in the stable yard. The loose boxes were turned into garages, the chauffeur's cap was more in evidence than the cocked hat or bowler.

THERE was nothing new in the fact that the boxes of the hunters were empty in the summer, for it has always been a pleasant thought that the good hunter should enjoy the delights of freedom and rest in a shady and luscious pasture after a hard season's hunting. But the hacks and the carriage horses had gone, and it was the administrations to the needs of these that some of us remember most during the long summer days—as it now seems to us—apparently endless sun and warmth.

We were not taught how to put on a summer sheet or saddle, but we picked up the correct way by seeing it done continuously by well-trained stablemen.

At 66 Sloane Street on that day there must have been some such thoughts, nostalgic thoughts perhaps, which determined those present that the young of the day should

be afforded some opportunity greater than existed in their homes, to learn to enjoy their ponies to the full.

Major Faudel-Phillips had visited a riding club in Surrey and was struck by the large number, and keenness, of the junior members, and it was perhaps this club in the Old Surrey and Burstow Hunt country which provided the meat for what has cooked up into the wholesome dish which is the Pony Club of today.

On November 1, 1929, the Pony Club was formed, its objects being:

"To encourage young people to ride and to enjoy all kinds of sport connected with horses and riding.

"To provide instruction in riding and horsemastership and to instil in members the proper care of their animals.

"To promote the highest ideals of sportsmanship, citizenship and loyalty, thereby cultivating strength of character and self-discipline."

GENERAL MARCHANT, the chief administrator, told me they were hoping to appoint a District Commissioner in every established hunt area, and above all they sought the help of, and in turn wished to assist, all M.F.H.s. They would not, therefore, form a branch or appoint a District Commissioner without first gaining the approval of the local M.F.H. This all seemed a very sensible idea, and luckily for me, it seemed a great idea to my wife, who, from then on, became an enthusiastic helper to me during my nine years as District Commissioner.

We invited some parents in our neighbourhood to come and hear our ideas and in a



Members of the New Forest Hunts branch of the Pony Club being instructed in camp by the secretary, Miss Christine Black. There are some 19,000 Pony Club members under twenty-one in Great Britain alone

very short time our branch, the Crawley & Horsham Hunt Branch of the Pony Club, was a going concern. There was at that time little or no literature to help the District Commissioner of a new branch, but circumstances guided one until in a very short while an organization was formed which resembles that of every club today, viz.: a District Commissioner approved by headquarters, who appointed a local committee and officers and instructors.

During the first year of its existence our branch had the advantage of being visited by General Moore Molyneux, Major Faudel-Phillips and the late Mrs. V. D. S. Williams, all of whom were enthusiastic and most helpful, and all of whom emphasized the point that they had come to give advice where possible, and also to look for ideas which might help other branches. They were in fact what was later to become a recognized part of the club organization, known now as Visiting Commissioners appointed for that same purpose by headquarters.

By 1931, a Pony Club Organization Committee had been formed under the chairmanship of Col. (then Major) V. D. S. Williams. Its charter was to administer the Pony Club on behalf of the Institute of the Horse.

At the head was Major Vivian Williams, who then, as now, excelled in encouraging the young both to express themselves and to keep an open mind and to study other people's ideas.

At 66 Sloane Street, General Marchant as

secretary excelled at administration and had the personality to imbue enthusiasm and determination into those who sought advice on starting a branch.

At Temple House, Major and Mrs. Faudel-Phillips developed a Pony Club Instructors' Course, which for clarity and enlightenment on how to teach children has never been surpassed.

From 1929 to 1939 the number of branches grew, and as they grew new ideas in organization, and in developing the objects in accordance with local conditions, were formed by the various District Commissioners, who had the opportunity of airing their ideas for the benefit of all at the annual District Commissioners' Conference, which was held in those days at the Criterion Restaurant in London.

OVER these years, the body of Visiting Commissioners grew, Efficiency Certificates were introduced, Rules and Administrative Notes were added to, and by August 1939, before the war closed down all but a few branches, there were in existence approximately 130 branches with a membership of some ten thousand.

The first District Commissioners' Conference after the war was held under my chairmanship in 1946.

Today the Pony Club is well known and can claim many famous riders as ex-members. To mention but a few, we are proud indeed to have had in our ranks many M.F.H.s,

Miss Pat Smythe, Mr. Alan Oliver, Miss Diana Mason and many good jockeys, now riding under both rules.

There are 203 branches in Great Britain, with a total membership of nearly 20,000, and twenty branches overseas directly affiliated to headquarters. There are also in Australia, Canada, Kenya, New Zealand, Natal, Southern Rhodesia and the U.S.A., affiliated bodies that govern the branches in those countries. We know for certain of 148 overseas branches.

IN 1949 an annual inter-branch competition was instituted. This is a three-phase competition on the lines of the Olympic Three-day Event embracing a dressage test, a cross-country ride and a show jumping competition. Branches compete first in an area event, and the successful competitors from each of the twelve areas come to the final for the championship. The popularity of this event is evident by the increase in the number of entrants which has taken place between 1949 and 1954.

For obvious reasons most of the club's activities, consisting of mounted and dismounted instructional rallies, competitions and parties, are confined to school holidays, and we must never forget that an elementary rule about teaching is that the pupil learns most what he or she enjoys learning. My motto after twenty-four years' intimate association with the club is: "In the Pony Club I meet the nicest people, in the nicest places, in the nicest mood."



"ALADDIN ON ICE" at the Empire Pool, Wembley, has cost £160,000 to put on. In this colourful scene from the show, the Magician and the Dame hold the spotlight, while Aladdin, played by former world skating champion Jacqueline du Bief, is falling rapidly under the Magician's spell. The Princess is played by Peggy Wallace

Roundabout

-Paul Holt

NEWS that a fishing vessel travelling through Loch Ness has picked up a clear picture on its radar screen of the Loch Ness monster comes as a great shock to me.

For I know, so well, that the monster was invented.

It was a figment of the imagination of a genial, fat, bald man named Fred Memory. He was a newspaper reporter who happened to find himself, one sunny summer's day in late August, by the shores of the great loch when he fell to musing how pleasant was his lot. The sun was shining, the pubs were open; Nature purred for him.

How pleasant, he thought, if he could come back each year for such a respite.

As he stared at the water a ruffle of wind streaked over it and the surface of the lake gave a shudder. Into the mind of Memory there came a picture of a sea serpent, touching surface and plunging again—and his great idea was born.

He went at once to the telephone to report to his newspaper that he had seen a monster in the lake and they printed his story.

Year after year they sent him back in August, which is the silly season for news, and year after year the great Memory invented a bit more, to make his legend round and whole and secure.

His colleagues on other newspapers loved him, for they got free holidays, too, and the local hotel people loved him, for his story drew tourists in great numbers.

From time to time the loch ruffled with the wind and there was not a soul who saw it who did not believe that what they had seen was a glimpse of a deep-sea monster travelling at great speed. Fifty yards long they guessed it to be, and some swore that it had five distinct humps or spurs on its back which showed above the surface.

Everybody was happy and Mr. Memory had a free holiday once a year for the rest of his life.

But now—it's true? Oh horror! Oh humiliation!

The picture of the beast on the radar screen looks like one of those fancy silhouettes you get by spilling ink and folding the paper in two. But it has five humps. . . .

Poor Memory.

It has legs or fins like a coelacanth, the prehistoric fish caught off Madagascar.

Poor Fred. To think that he wasted his imagination on a fact.

A GREAT wave of amusement is going through the London theatre at the moment about men's clothes. The mockery extends between waistcoats,

bowler hats, tight trousers, duffel coats, velvet collars and long hair.

It is not to be worried about.

The theatre is always out of date and the fun they seek now was fun five years ago.

The fashions for gents you need to worry about and laugh about nowadays are the terrible styles of the twenties. Suède shoes, billycocks, boaters and brass buttons.

★ ★ ★

SIR ADOLPHE ABRAHAMS, aged seventy-one, a London psychologist and physician, has written a book called *Woman, Man's Equal?* which is published by Christopher Johnson at 10s. 6d.

His theory is simple. Women are biologically superior to men. But when they approach the recognition that they might become equal they behave like men. They wear men's clothes, like George Sand did, or they take a man's name, like George Eliot. Even the Brontë sisters, when they tried to sell their books to London publishers, called themselves by men's names. Charlotte called herself Currer Bell.

His theory is not only simple, it is sad. The more the progressive woman takes on the style of a man the more she gets trapped. The most efficient secretary, in aiming to be the equal of the male, finds herself more and more dependent on the male.

★ ★ ★

She takes a taxi to be there in time for the boss. And when she gets there the boss isn't there. She lies for the boss and the boss may deny her lie.

She can only be free when she reverts to being a female again, to let him be free to arrive ahead of her time.

I do not know whether this can be true reasoning, but I do know this: that women can be better suited in their own happiness by behaving in their own way.

★ ★ ★

THE flat racing season over, the sticks has now got into its full stride and, apart from the weather, it seems to be good. The interesting element to my mind is the introduction of the new hurdles which give the flat racers a better chance to find their fifth leg over the jumps. I have a feeling it will make for better sport.

And sport is a subject which is in dire disgrace just now.

It is supposed to be national. I plead that this should not be. England is not at stake. Talent is at stake. Honved is more at stake than Hungary. Hutton to me means more than the M.C.C.

I remember to my greatest pleasure an occasion during a race for the Grand National event. Two of the greatest jump riders alive today, Mr. Tim Moloney and Mr. Bryan Marshall, jumped the last fence together. Which horse won the race I cannot tell, but as the jump was taken Mr. Moloney said to Mr. Marshall, who always takes the shortest road home: "Had your tea yet?"

★ ★ ★

LONDON clubs are taking to the idea of having infra-red grillers to cook steaks for their members. You can have a rarely done steak ready within three minutes of asking, which is a great improvement.

But the snag is this: the men who want to eat are not as quick with their appetites as the steaks are to be eaten. They ask and forget. Ten minutes later they will come to the table and find their food has been waiting for them too long.

It is a matter of rhythm. Progress waits upon no man.

★ ★ ★

AN earnest and enthusiastic gentleman sat listening to Mr. J. B. Priestley giving a lecture.

At the end he approached the platform, to say: "I do not know you sir, but I want to thank you for your most excellent address. From your accent I take you to be a Lancashireman . . . ?"

"You do?" replied Yorkshireman Priestley, "well, you see, I'm a bit off colour today."

★ ★ ★

OVER in America a young gentleman held a loaded pistol to his fiancée's head for twenty-four hours. When at last he was persuaded to put the gun down he commented as follows: "Oh, well. It's one of those things you do—and bitterly regret afterwards. People have been very nice to me about it."



THE LORD PROVOST OF EDINBURGH, Mr. John Garnett Banks, C.B.E., occupies a position of high importance in Scottish civic affairs, and since his election last May has proved a most worthy holder of the office. Born in Leith, he has been a representative of St. Andrew's Ward, on the Edinburgh Town Council since 1936, and became City Treasurer in 1950. He is chairman of leading Scottish industrial and insurance concerns, and in his public capacity has done great work for the South-Eastern Regional Hospital Board of Scotland. Mr. Banks was one of the city's representatives who presented Edinburgh's loyal address to the Queen on her Accession. He is a nephew of the late Lord Scott Dickson, former Lord Justice-Clerk, while the famous scientist Professor Sir James Dewar, inventor of the vacuum flask, was another of his uncles



MRS. SIDNEY BEER, wife of the distinguished conductor and a daughter of Baron and Baroness W. von Maasburg, is seen at her apartment in the rue des Petits Champs, Paris. She has an elder sister living in Somerset and married to Col. Sir Edward Malet, Bt. Mr. Beer was responsible for forming the National Symphony Orchestra in 1942 and has conducted many of the famous orchestras of Europe. They have one daughter Teresa, aged thirteen

F. J. Goodman

Priscilla in Paris

The Ballet's own party

THE soldier was tall and majestic in his full-dress uniform, the dancer was petite and as light as a butterfly's kiss in her froth-like skirts. Conscious of their importance, both were very serious. Nevertheless the quiver of a smile lurked under the soldier's moustache. His eyes may have been "front" but he was well aware of the smooth blonde head that hardly reached the glittering brasses of his belt, and although it was inclined coldly sideways towards the dancer's shoulder, it was at the most convenient angle for the upward peep of her admiring glance.

The arriving guests crowed with delight!

"Charrrrrmant—Adorrrrrable—Dé-li-ci-eux!" gushed the ladies. "Amusant—Ravissant—Emouvant!" muttered their squires.

The party took place in the stately reception room of the Grand Opera House library; it was given to celebrate the presentation of Boris Kochno's prizewinning volume: *Le Ballet*. Serge Lifar and the *corps de ballet*—in mufti—received all the balletomanes of Paris.

NATURALLY the crush was considerable, political, musical, theatrical and merely social. Grandeur was added to graciousness by the presence of the *Garde Républicaine* and the graciousness of the smiling prima ballerinas

was enhanced by the adorable dignity of the *petits rats* of the national dancing school, young ladies aged from seven to twelve years of age. Their gravity was stupendous as, in professional attire, they held their attitude—backed by the army—round the room as if they were playing a game of twos-and-threes.

Later, when they were required to escort shy guests to the sumptuous buffet that was stormed by the hardy, they unbent a little and were even seen to smile demurely. They also carried trays of delectable *petits fours* and sandwiches to the less venturesome visitors. How daintily they made their *révérence*, with what solicitude did they call up a comrade bearing more salty fare when a greybeard refused *éclairs* or *cerises glacées*! It was a most delightful party but I wonder what Ludovic Halévy's "Monsieur et Madame Cardinal" would have thought of it.

A CAT, it seems, may look at a king but in Paris there exists a dog who has shaken paws with a prince! The prince is Prince Rainier of Monaco, the dog is "Kiki," Fernand Gravet's fox-terrier . . . well, mostly fox-terrier! Kiki, vagrant and victim of an automobile accident, was rescued, in *extremis*, by Gravet. A poor mangled paw was amputated; a very sick dog was taken home to be nursed by Mme. Gravet (Jane Renouardt) and little by little, to become the happy quadruped, *tri*-ped he is now.

His rise in the world reached its culminating point with his presentation to Royalty, but Kiki takes all honours quite coolly in his limping stride. He wags his tail politely and extends his paw when offered a friendly hand but it is for Fernand (and, next best, Jane) that the love light shines in his eyes.

THE new show: *Sensations de Paris* that Henri Varna produced in time for Christmas at the Casino de Paris is indeed sensational, for it actually justifies all the preliminary hoo-hah with which these things are announced. Show-ladies, dressed and otherwise, even lovelier than they have always been. Breathtaking décors and costumes. A leading lady—Lynda Gloria—who does a little of everything so seductively that one wishes she was allowed to do a great deal more and, above all these pleasant things, Alfredo Alaria's Argentine ballet.

Ten striking young dancers, four girls and seven lads, form a company led by Alaria who, besides being their *premier danseur* is their choreographer and producer. The picturesque folklore of the Southern Americas seems to have inspired him most happily. There are poetic yet romping country dances. The graceful *batucada de Pernambuco* expresses all the colour and gaiety of Brazil. The classic *zapateado* of Spain is wielded into the essentially Argentine rhythm of the *malambo*. There is tragedy in "El Escondido" that depicts the adieux of the soldiers to their sweethearts during the Argentine War of Independence.

There are too many dances and ensembles to be cited more fully, for these ballets take up a good third of the whole production of *Sensations de Paris*, but the "Mambo y Santo," that is the last of the eight presentations of these very young but extremely competent dancers, is something that surpasses even Katherine Dunham with its strange frenzy and tragic hysteria. A thrilling success!

Attention à la peinture

● The painter Jean-Gabriel Domergue congratulates Mlle. Bétasse whose flower frock suggests the still so far away Spring. "Botticelli!" he murmurs rapturously. "Mais non, Monsieur," answers the foolish little creature, "Dior!"

GREETINGS TO THE PRINCESS

H. R.H. PRINCESS ALEXANDRA has just celebrated her eighteenth birthday, which falls on Christmas Day. During the past year, wherein she has first taken the responsibility for a number of public appearances on her shoulders, Her Royal Highness has acquitted herself at all times with dignity, grace and charm



DINING IN

Swords into skewers

—Helen Burke

"SHASHLIK," of the Caucasus, "Kebabs," of Turkey, and "Shish Kebabs," of Armenia, are much the same—delicious tit-bits of food cooked *en brochette*.

Shashlik can be traced back to antiquity. "Shashka" is the Russian word for "sword." In their to-ing and fro-ing, the nomadic mountain people of the Caucasus killed wild game or sheep or lambs from their own flocks, impaled pieces on their swords and roasted them over wood embers, which impart an unforgettable flavour, as all who have enjoyed such cookery well know.

Here, metal skewers take the place of swords. Some people first marinade the meat in sherry or dry wine, with onions and marjoram, but I prefer it "neat."

Small squares of lamb from the shoulder or the best end of the neck, skinned, cored and halved lambs' kidneys and portions of chicken livers are all good Shashlik "candidates." And, of course, small squares of fairly fat rashers of streaky bacon to place on each side of the meat so that they "baste" it as they melt. Then there are additions, such as whole small tomatoes, whole mushrooms and, when available, slices of aubergine—all "sandwiched" on the skewers with bacon squares.

THREAD each piece of this mixed grill on a skewer, in any order you like, but always with a square of rasher bacon on each side. Do not pack too tightly, as this would prevent the heat getting through the meat. Brush with melted butter or bacon-fat, season to taste, and grill, not too quickly, so that the meat is cooked through. Turn once during the cooking. Serve on the skewers on a bed of rice, with each grain dry and separate.

If you want to marinade the lamb pieces, place in a basin two to three sliced onions, a teaspoon of salt, a pinch of pepper, a sherry glass of sherry, two tablespoons of olive oil and a teaspoon of marjoram. Add a pound or so

of the meat squares and leave for several hours, turning them from time to time. Drain well, then proceed as above. Use the marinade to baste the Shashlik during its cooking.

FOR a less mixed grill, use only chicken livers or calf's liver or kidney with the bacon and vegetables.

Escoffier, who developed the art of skewer cookery, sometimes stiffened such items as calf's and chicken liver in a little butter, which not only started the cooking but also made the pieces more manageable. He also sprinkled his filled *brochettes* with melted butter and fine breadcrumbs before grilling them. With them, he served *Maitre d'Hôtel* butter, simply made by creaming butter until soft, working in as much lemon juice as it will take, then finishing with as much chopped parsley as desired.

When I grill whole kidneys in the Shashlik way, I skin them first, cut them almost through, leaving a "hinge," and remove the cores. Then I thread them on two parallel skewers, so that they can be grilled evenly and will not curl up during the process.

DINING OUT

Farther west

—I. Bickerstaff

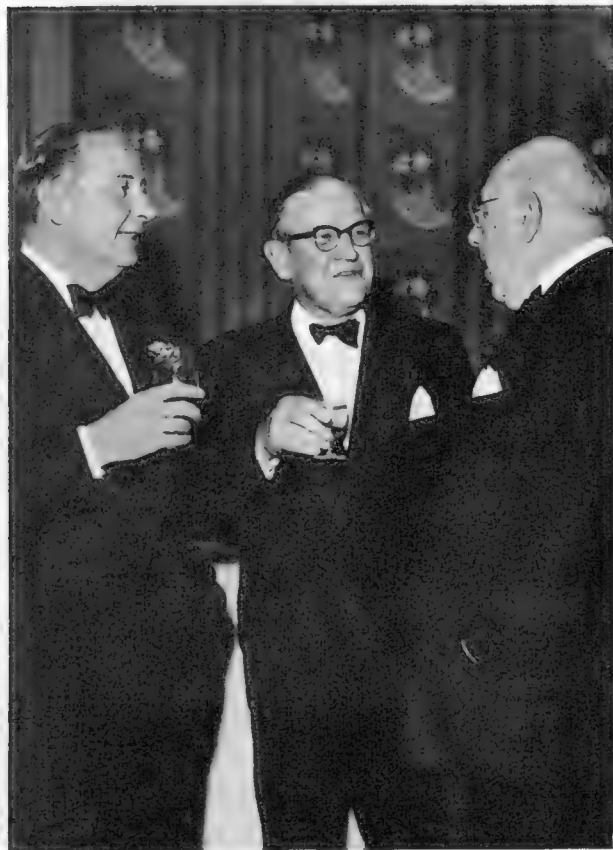
WINING and dining well is not the prerogative of those who find themselves in the West End. This not very profound thought occurred to me as I motored down the Great West Road

passing factory after factory *en route*, and wondered where all the directors go when they want to wine and dine or entertain without the effort of travelling all the way into London and back again.

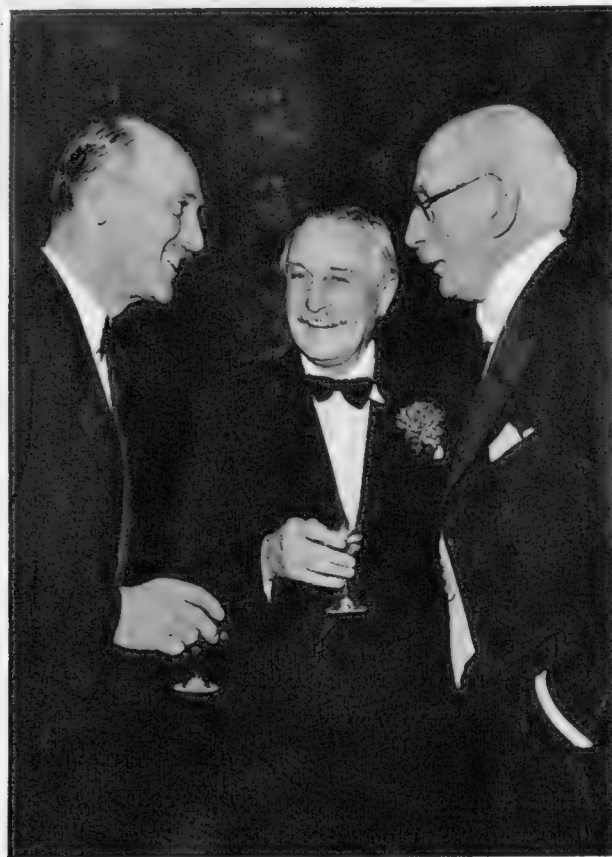
The answer is that certain establishments have developed first-class amenities and cuisine for their especial benefit and, of course, considerable benefit to themselves. Such a place is the Berkeley Arms, on the Great West Road at Cranford, adjacent to London Airport. It is run by a Swiss hotelier, M. Charles Berschi, who took it over in 1940 from Conti, of the Café de Paris. The *maitre d'hôtel*, M. Arnold, also comes from Switzerland. The *maitre chef*, Jean Guiguet, a Frenchman, whose assistants are also French, comes from Marseilles, and assures us that the cuisine here is indeed *Française*, with a slight nod to the roast beef of Old England, which is served from a trolley on Sundays.

THEY prefer to prepare your food "*sur commande*," but, as the chef explained, this is difficult with the English, because they are always in such a hurry. Coming from Marseilles, he says he can produce a *bouillabaisse* at twenty-four hours' notice which will defy deception even if he can't get the traditional "Rascasse," a Mediterranean fish unobtainable in England or America; but, in any case, he considers *bouillabaisse* a much overrated affair, with which I heartily agree.

There is a smart bar where you can mellow your clients before you take them in to lunch, but even the barman, Alec, who has been there nine years, is a "foreigner," a Scotsman from Aberdeen.

THE BIG-GAME
HUNTERS MET

THE SHIKAR CLUB, which is composed of big-game hunters, held their annual dinner at the Savoy. Left: Dr. Stanhope Furber, who is shortly off to shoot wild boar in Holland, Sir Archibald Macindoe, C.B.E., and the Earl of Northesk. Right: The Prince and Margrave of Baden, Major Harold Hall, M.C., O.B.E., the chairman, and Mr. Frank Wallace





Left: A party of nine were Mrs. Morrell, Mr. H. M. S. Barrett, Mr. John Chamier, Mrs. Tarling, Mr. F. R. Morrell, Mrs. M. J. Little, Mrs. Barrett, Mr. C. N. Tarling and Mr. M. J. Little

"LITTLE SHIP" CELEBRATION

THE Little Ship Club held its twenty-eighth dinner and dance at the Park Lane Hotel, and had high officers of the R.N. and U.S. Navy as chief guests



Mr. A. P. Chalkley, Mrs. A. Kendrick and Lt.-Cdr. J. J. Quill, secretary of the club, having a drink



Vice-Admiral W. W. Davis and Rear-Admiral Robert B. Ellis, U.S.N., with Cdr. J. S. Truscott, R.N.V.R. (centre), president of the club



Left: Mr. Robin Packshaw brought his fiancée Miss Elizabeth Anne Warrack. The club has a membership of 4000, and is world-wide



Right: 2nd/O. C. B. Thompson and Miss Ruth Lyon were talking to Mr. and Mrs. Freddie Jarvis. Over 450 members and guests came to the dinner-dance

At the Theatre

Too Tangled A Web

Anthony Cookman

Illustrations by Emmwood



A SLIGHT CASE OF MURDER makes the J.P. (Harold Scott) dissemble, the Inspector (Campbell Singer) suspicious, the schoolgirl (Margaret Barton) hysterical, her stepmother (Margaret Lockwood) over-ingenious, and the guardian (Felix Aylmer) diplomatic

MRS. AGATHA CHRISTIE opens *Spider's Web* at the Savoy with a pleasing little scene of polite comedy. Two old gentlemen, each setting himself up as an infallible judge of port, are going blind-fold through the solemn ritual of tasting and at the end of the scene are shown by a mischievous hostess to have been making all sorts of fine distinctions between samples decanted from the same plebeian bottle.

They take their discomfiture with the easy good humour of men of the world. A distinguished diplomat and a highly respectable J.P. can afford in their hours of ease to be made to look a little foolish by a pretty woman. Clarissa is a dear, but she is, as they both know, somewhat irresponsible. Her habit of fibbing has become a family joke.

THIS scene, quite perfectly played by Mr. Felix Aylmer and Mr. Harold Scott, at once establishes character. Good; but is it, we ask ourselves doubtfully, the right kind of character for a play which is, we suppose, going to keep us guessing about a murderer's identity and motives? Has Mrs. Christie got off, for once, on the wrong foot? And at the end of a moderately entertaining evening we know that this is just what has happened.

She has tried to work a comedy of character into a whodunit drama, and though the drama eventually gets the comedy down, it suffers in the process. The distinguished diplomat is fond of Clarissa, his ward, and he observes uneasily that a young fellow-guest, played by Mr. Miles Eason, is daring to make passes at her. She reassures him, and his shrewd sense of reality tells him that this time she is not fibbing.

HE is also fond of Clarissa's stepdaughter, a hysterical child who has thrived wonderfully since Clarissa took her from the clutches of a deplorable mother. So the atmosphere of comedy grows steadily, and we are soon certain that neither the diplomat nor the J.P., neither the fibbing Clarissa nor the child (even though she be a hysteric), is theatrically capable of serious villainy. These certainties—produced by dialogue written and spoken as comedy—

point all too clearly to a forthcoming shortage of suspects. The comedy takes the casual revelation of secret drawers and sliding panels in its stride, and its surface is scarcely disturbed by the arrival of the blackmailer.

BUT it is broken wide open by Miss Lockwood's truly petrifying scream of horror at the sight of the blackmailer's corpse stretched on the carpet of her Adams drawing-room. Persuaded that the lethal blow has been struck by her hysterical stepdaughter, she packs the child off to bed with a sleeping draught, decides not to inform the police, and sends instead for the three men who have figured in the comedy. So we have the somewhat steep spectacle of diplomat and J.P. helping to push the body behind the sliding panel. And the police arrive after all. When they do so arrive, the romantic lady is stimulated to prodigies of fibbing. Mr. Campbell Singer's inspector is clever enough to perceive that he is dealing with a natural liar, but not quite

clever enough to believe a known deceiver when she happens to tell the truth. Mr. Scott manages to evade the inspector's questions by a show of bluff eccentricity, but Mr. Aylmer is doomed by the interrogation to lose his independence as a character and dwindle by degrees into a puppet slave of the thriller plot. He manages the sad declension with all possible suavity.

WHILE he is thus managing we become acutely aware that the anticipated shortage of suspects is on us. When Mrs. Agatha Christie is the author it seems almost *lèse majesté* to arrive at the solution before she gives the signal; but in this instance what else can we do? Miss Judith Furse has an important part which she plays enormously well, and the hysterics which spin the plot are nicely manipulated by Miss Margaret Barton. The actors may be embarrassed by the author's mixture of styles, but mostly they sidestep their difficulties with admirable skill, and watching them do it is entertaining.



TRIO OF SUSPECTS: The Amazonian lady gardener (Judith Furse), who is occupied with more than growing cauliflowers, the butler (Sidney Monckton), who casts suspicion in all directions, and the heroine's admirer (Miles Eason), who is addicted to golf



Russell Sedgwick

A LITERARY DAME

GERALD CROSS as Dame Sitt-Baddeley in *Arabian Nightmare* (a pantomime for parents) at the New Watergate Theatre, departs from the usual type of pantomime in his outrageously funny characterization of a literary lady. The whole show moves with tremendous speed and gusto, with many witty lyrics from Julian More, who also wrote the book, a most hilarious effort in rhyming couplets. The music by Geoffrey Beaumont is pleasing and includes several bright and tuneful numbers

At the Pantomime

A remarkably downy bird

THE West End's solitary non-ice-borne pantomime is *Mother Goose*, at the Palladium. It therefore commands everyone's respectful attention, and, indeed, opens on a solemn note reminiscent of the Book of Job. But once the preliminaries are perfunctorily completed, we are treated to the village green scene, handsomely decked out with every customary trapping: the Squire, the Brokers, the Bailiff, the young men, the maidens and the troupe of *enfants horribles*. Tradition is admirably and decoratively preserved so far. The few genuine youngsters around seemed sedately pleased. Having met the Principal Boy, the Principal Girl, the Principal legs and the Principal Comedians, the knockabout men came into action as tumblers. This was as humorless a funny

act as I have ever witnessed, but its virtuosity won considerable applause.

From this point the story vanished into strange realms of ballet, song scenes and one extremely comic variety act, performed brilliantly by an orchestra of grotesques.

THIS seemed to be common ground, regardless of age, but an earnest pantomime producer would have been foxed by the varying reactions of his younger critics over the rest of the material. Jokes connected with television characters drew

one section, the little boys were openly bored by the ballet but delighted by singing ladies with microphone manners, and *vice versa*.

Until half-time only one character was universally popular, the Goose of the Golden Eggs herself, played with pathos and aplomb by Harry Cranley. As an affectionate owner of such a creature (minus the magic qualities), I was deeply moved and delighted.

AT long last, when Peter Sellers had given up imitating Colonel Chinstrap and Richard Hearn had leapt through his last trick-door, Mr. Max Bygraves, hitherto only remarkable for one stomach-turning chunk of bad taste, suddenly justified himself. He made the children—all of them—sing. So great was his success with this ancient and not always happy device, that one realised quite suddenly that there really were hundreds of youngsters in the house, unanimous at last in their verdict. It was a long, strangely mixed journey to this considerable peak, but it was finally clear that only the grown-ups had been flagging. The children emerged into the night with eyes brighter than any stars behind the footlights or beyond the threatening smog about us.

—Youngman Carter



MOTHER GOOSE AND HER FLOCK: Sammy (Max Bygraves), Margery Daw (Shirley Eaton), Mrs. Pastry, Mother Goose (Richard Hearn), Priscilla the Goose (Harry Cranley), The Squire (Peter Sellers) and Colin (Margaret Burton)

At the Pictures

Stunning Miss N.

Elsbeth Grant*

MISS ANNA NEAGLE'S latest film, *Lilacs in the Spring*, runs for only ninety-four minutes, but due, perhaps, to its somewhat bizarre construction, it seemed to me to go on for centuries. The first hundred years were the worst.

During them, Miss Neagle, an E.N.S.A. entertainer with two beaux on her string, sustains concussion—simply, I suspect, because Mr. Herbert Wilcox, her producer-director husband, wishes to present as many different aspects of Anna as possible. The stunned star dreams she is Nell Gwyn, romping hoydenishly with King Charles (Mr. David Farrar—Beau I.) and nudging him into building that hospital at Chelsea for old soldiers. Convalescing at Windsor, Miss Neagle relapses into amnesia and imagines she's the young Queen Victoria persuading her consort (Mr. Peter Graves—Beau II.) to dance the waltz.

SHE has, of course, played both roles before and the awful thought struck me that the remainder of the film would consist of snippets from all the successes in her long career. Every time she put her hand to her brow I thought "She's off again. Who will it be this time? Nurse Cavell, Odette Churchill, Florence Nightingale, Peg Woffington . . . ?" But Mr. Wilcox, fortunately, is smart enough to know that recurrent amnesia and dream-spells are a mite wearisome and that the straight flashback is preferable—so he introduces Mr. Errol Flynn as Miss Neagle's father (which, as Mr. Flynn says, certainly makes him feel his age) and has Miss Kathleen Harrison tell Mr. Farrar that Miss Neagle is the living image of her dead mother. This, the astute reader will guess, enables Miss Neagle to play her own Mum.

BACK we go to 1913, when Mr. Flynn, a vaudeville star, marries Miss Neagle, a minor performer, and brings her to London with him. Comes the war (1914) and while Mr. Flynn is fighting in France as gallantly as he later did in Burma, Miss Neagle becomes a great star of the *Charlot* and *Cochran* revues.

After the war Mr. Flynn finds himself a forgotten man so, in the late 1920's, the couple separate and he goes off to Hollywood to appear in talking pictures. He is a roaring success and Miss Neagle decides to join him there and be a film star, too—but is killed in an airplane crash on the way over.

We cut from there to World War II. and Miss Neagle reverts to the daughter role—and so we have Papa Flynn advising her, on what grounds one cannot say, to marry Mr. Farrar and fly to the Far East to entertain the troops. Oh, well—I suppose the thing had to end somewhere.

From the whole jumble Miss Neagle emerges radiantly triumphant. She has



HYPNOTISED INTO SONG: Trilby, the artist's model (Hildegard Neff), becomes a great singer while under the spell of the sinister Svengali (Donald Wolfitt)

never looked more beautiful. Her youthfulness is miraculous and the *élan* with which she dances Coward's "Dance Little Lady" is astounding. Mr. Flynn, footing it carefully, puts up an eminently agreeable performance. Some of the numbers are admirably staged—and some of the sets (especially Kew in lilac-time) are atrocious. It's altogether a very mixed affair—which left me quite exhausted.

THE Italian cycle of films which began with *Bitter Rice* was bound, one suspected, to end in corn. Nothing—repeat, nothing—could be cornier than *Enticement*. Signorina Eleonora Rossi here joins the ranks of the passionate peasant girls who rally at the sign of the X Certificate. She wears, as brazenly as the best, the wanton sisterhood's uniform—one sad rag of a frock, preferably damp—and reveals just about everything except acting ability.

She figures (the word is apt) as a displaced person, hired as a harvest "hand" on a Po Valley wheat farm owned by two bachelor brothers, Riccardo (Signor Amedeo Nazzari—a good actor) and Carlo (Signor Marcello Mastroianni). Her heart is not really in her work: it is set upon seduction. Melodrama of an all-too-familiar type ensues.

Never let it be said that I can find nothing to praise in a film. The deplorable dialogue in this one has been most skilfully dubbed into American—which makes a nice change from the R.A.D.A.-Loamshire accent previously used.

"SVENGALI" gets off to a rather uncertain start, but as the well-known George du Maurier story proceeds the film gradually grows in authority, until I think you will find it has you fairly and appropriately hypnotized.

We know from Mr. Jeffrey Dell's entertaining book *Nobody Ordered Wolves* that the most unaccountable things happen in the film industry; I can think of nothing more unaccountable than the fact that, until comparatively recently, nobody ordered Wolfitt. Anyone who saw his brilliant, blustering Serjeant Buzzfuzz in the *Pickwick* film must have recognized him as a magnificent actor for the screen as well as the stage. His Svengali has immense inward power which shines out of his eyes like a gleam of hell fire. He puts a strange, poetical venom into such lines as "The life of lovebirds is brief—they meet, mate and moult." I think Mr. Wolfitt is tremendous.

Fraulein Hildegard Neff, as Trilby, seemed to me in the earlier scenes to lack the fundamental innocence the part demands, but later, luminous with tragedy and singing with the glorious voice of Madame Elizabeth Schwarzkopf, she compelled my sympathy. There are excellent supporting performances.

*Deputising for Dennis W. Clarke.

MAUREEN DAVIS makes her screen debut in *To Paris With Love*, which stars Alec Guinness and Odile Versois. She is eighteen and plays a young French girl in this delicious light comedy



ALEC GUINNESS with Juno the Great Dane, who appears with him in *To Paris With Love*, a witty, gay, sophisticated story in which he takes the part of a Scottish laird on holiday in Paris



PARISIENNE HEROINE

ODILE VERSOIS, the enchanting star of *The Young Lovers* and many Continental films, is seen as Lizette, a Parisian shop assistant infatuated by the charming but middle-aged Col. Sir Edgar McGowan (Alec Guinness) in *To Paris With Love*. She is of Russian-Swedish parentage and trained for ten years with the *corps de ballet* at the Paris Opera before going into films. Her newest film opens at the Plaza Cinema on January 13th

Television

THE OUBLIETTE

Freda Bruce Lockhart



THREE very different actresses this week exemplify one of the curiosities of TV: its apparent carelessness to the personalities which

feed it. Over and over again, some player scores a decided hit only to vanish from the screens. There may be many reasons to make this more inevitable than it seems. But it is irritating for the viewer and must be alarming for the player.

Most notable case in my memory was that of Eileen Peel. In *The Intruder*, she gave one of the most profound studies ever seen on TV in one of its two finest plays. She has never had a worthwhile part on TV since.

Gillian Lind has, over the years, done several good things on TV, including the original performance of *The Fifty Mark*, which is being revived on Sunday. But not for over a year.

Shirley Abicair's participation in "Starlight" on Friday is welcome as her every appearance. But her survival as one of TV's most attractive personalities is no credit to her producers. Her TV debut in a Centre Show was the nearest thing to stopping the show possible on TV. Since then every effort seems to have been

made to take her away from her own simple style and make her more like every other light singer. Fortunately without success so far.

ANOTHER contradictory menace for the young actress is success in panel games. The successful panellist too often gets virtually barred from acting. Moira Lister is at present precariously perched on that peak where she is allowed both to charm and amuse in "Find the Link" (there again next Tuesday), and to give such a stylish performance in Restoration comedy as she did in *The Relapse*. We may watch her anxiously in the hope that she will be allowed to continue in this double eminence, for glamour is still scarce on TV.

Gramophone Notes

FAREWELL SYMPHONY



The reason is simple enough. The demand for the modern micro-groove recordings is steadily increasing, and it is quite impractical to continue to list records which many, particularly the older

gramophone record enthusiasts, look upon as old friends.

By the end of the month an even heavier toll than usual will be noticeable.

For example, solo recordings of Lucienne Boyer will no longer be listed by Columbia: her "Parlez-moi d'amour," the song with which she won the Grand Prix du Disque in 1930, and "Dans la Fumée" is being deleted. (Columbia D.B. 673.)

In the same supplement that famous Bessie Smith record "Empty Bed Blues" (Columbia D.B. 2796) makes its exit, sad though it is, for of its type this is a superb example, and has become a collector's piece.

The Gertrude Lawrence medley, in which she revived some of her better-known successes, goes out of the lists, and with it, no doubt for many, this name moves nearer towards oblivion. (H.M.V. C.4198.)

One of the earliest Paul Robeson records still retained in the catalogues, "Deep River," and "I'm Goin' To Tell God All o' My Troubles," which dates back to the late 'twenties, will no longer be available at the beginning of next month. (H.M.V. B.2619.)

THERE will, I believe, be more than a few who will regret the deletion of three Nelson Eddy records from the lists. They include "Ride, Cossack, Ride" (Columbia B.D. 1911) and "Lover Come Back To Me" (Columbia D.B. 1976), and a recording with Rise Stevens of two of the songs from "The Chocolate Soldier" (Columbia D.B. 2069). Most of the songs Nelson Eddy sings will survive, but that survival is no longer to be fostered through the influence of this romantic movie baritone.

—Robert Tredinnick



Lady Ashley Cooper, wife of Sir Patrick Ashley Cooper, whose daughter was married recently, was chatting to Sir John and Lady Keeling



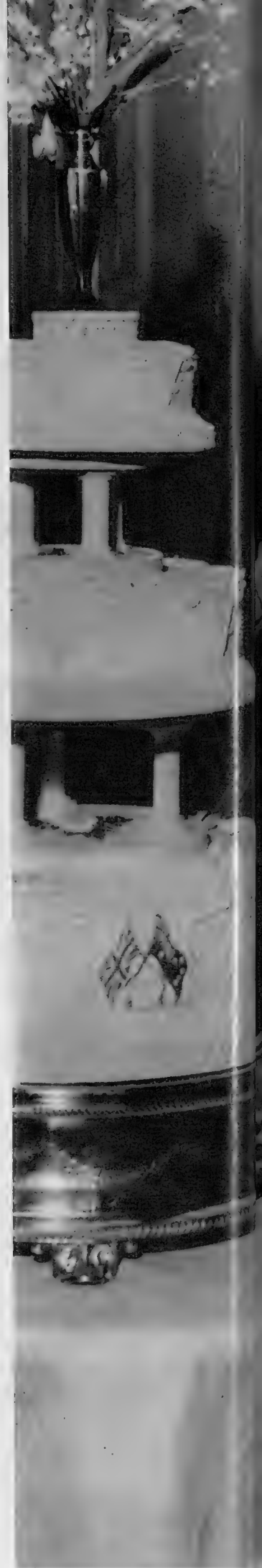
Three who came to drink the health of the new married couple were Mrs. David Lloyd-Thomas, Miss Susan Greenwood and Major Anthony Gell

PARK LANE RECEPTION AFTER A HONEYMOON IN HONOLULU

SIR JOHN and LADY KEELING gave a reception in London for their son and daughter-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. John Keeling, who were married last October in Sydney, New South Wales, and spent their honeymoon in Honolulu and Mexico. They are seen (right) cutting the wedding cake—their second—at Grosvenor House. Mrs. Keeling is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. John Stanton, of Sydney



Sir Noël Bowater, who was the previous Lord Mayor of London was, with his brother, Lieut.-Colonel Ian Bowater, here greeting Mrs. Douglas Jennings





Miss Joyce Warren, Miss Gloria Wesley Clarry, and Miss Jennifer Fearnley-Whittingstall were together watching friends arriving at the reception



Van Hallan

Major and Mrs. Brian Gibbs, and Mr. W. T. R. Whatmore, were listening to the toast of health and happiness being proposed

Standing By ...

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

BAKERS remain pretty cagey, our spies report, on the topic of their Viennese confrère, driven temporarily nuts (*vide* Press) by the monotony of baking rolls, who sat five hours on top of the spire of St. Stephen's Cathedral, threatening suicide, until a mountaineering priest climbed the spire twice and got him down. It seems that this typical modern neurosis is sapping at the vitals of the entire bakery racket.

Buns are the present test south of the Tweed, we learn. Whether in the doughy or the finished state, they remind nervous patacake boys of well-loved faces and may thus set up a mental wound, or trauma. Worse news comes from Scotland. Into the baking of that rich native delicacy called the Black Bun of Hogmanay have apparently seeped some of the black arts practised by Scots master-warlocks from Michael Scott down to Major Weir, of satanic memory. "Relax, Mr. McCollop, relax!" cry the psycho boys each New Year's Day to the baker groaning and shuddering on the sofa. But Mr. McCollop, a *grand hystérique*, has been up all night with a coven of North Berwick witches, baking black Hogmanay buns for the Great Black Goat, and the fear is on him. "Wae's me for a dreid nicht's wark!" wails poor Mr. McCollop. "Five wee guineas, please," cry the psycho boys cheerily.

Reflection

How different from the jolly bakers of a hundred years ago, who whistled and sang as they ground paupers' bones at 2/6d. per cwt. into their flour, among other ingredients. Or so the London populace averred during a great hooah, and unfortunately there were no Min. of Food scientists around to assure the public that human bones are so rich in rhizogenes, strolium, nitro-phosphides, zygmodin, and vitamins G, J, and Q (d) as to constitute the ideal nutrition-intake.

Thtowy

PWETHENT-DAY twendth in art-cwitithithm, and the cuwiouth wevival of the old Vic-torian cwy "Evvy pickchah tellth a thtowy," clearleth demonthtate that the pwogwethive Bwtish art-lover ith now utterleth tahd of abthtwact painting, and, to coin a phwathe, wabid for wepwethentationalithm.

And for a start—if you don't mind our dropping our Third Programme falsetto—we'd suggest that some R.A. good at drawing little men fills in the three essential "story" figures missing from Turner's celebrated watercolour, *The Great Fall of the Reichenbach* (1815), bought the other day for a provincial gallery; namely Sherlock Holmes tossing wicked Prof. Moriarty into the Reichenbach and vile, unskilful Colonel Moran bowling rocks on the hero from the heights above and missing him. Victorian R.A.s played up heroically with this kind of story-line. It was the restless Edwardians who started the present rot by teasing the Race with "problem" pictures, such as the famous one by John Collier, R.A., showing a haggard surgeon seated in a drawing-room, with a beautiful woman weeping at his feet. A "lead" title here, such as "The Wrong Leg," would have brought relief to many a distracted British home.

With art-lovers rendered thus dazed and jumpy, how easy for the "abstract" boys and surrealists and other smarties to sneak in and finish them off. Boo!

Seckerterry

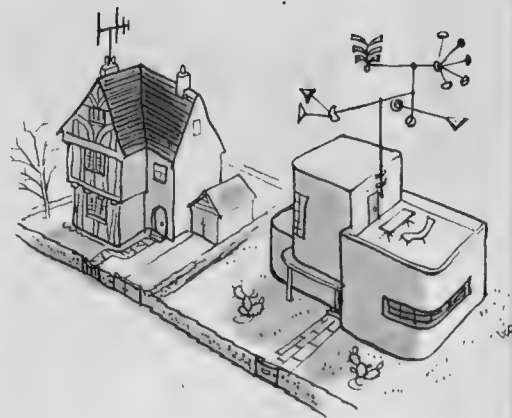
LISTING the chief qualifications of the Perfect Girl Secretary—surely a labour of love, since every proud City tycoon we've ever met already boasts the Only Perfect Secretary in the World—a Fleet Street boy dodged one essential, causing us to titter like a ton of old iron.

Efficiency, tact, poise, personality—what are all these to a girl who can't draw up what is technically known as a Nanny Night Special, so called because it closely resembles those diary-entries by Nanny on a new baby's progress, recording the day's temperatures, rashes, teething-troubles, fits, and so forth? The current business-form, in code, takes this shape, a Yard chap tells us:

FROM: BZ 18.
MOVEMENTS OF: XY 4.
DATE: 6/1/55.

Routine: XY 4 arrived office 10.5. Conference 12, luncheon 1.5-3.37, left 4.56, ostensibly for home, actually for 15 Pompadour Court, W. (see file "Fifi"). Movements thence checked by HT 24.

Remarks: General manner jerky, petulant, secretive. False bonhomie lavished on 9 visitors,



including VP 16 and W 7. Conversations reveal deep implication in affair JQ/F35. (See dictaphone-records 5, 9 and 15, enclosed.)

Conclusions: Time not yet ripe for show-down. Preliminaries might be arranged with "Fifi" or "Babs" (? in touch with D 78.)

These reports are filed by C 9, with any photographs or fingerprints, and passed to the Financial Tabs Special Branch, so you see how important it is for a secretary to know her stuff. Most do, our City spies report.

Beltane

UNDER a sketch of two welldressed sabibs greeting each other in their favourite bank ("Never find me anywhere else nowadays, old boy"), one of the Big Five reminds the citizenry in a new ad. how jolly it is to bank with one's chums in a cheery milieu. Nevertheless it seems to us that the banking boys will never win all hearts till they throw open those midnight half-yearly-balance parties to the Race at large.

These celebrations, somewhat resembling the Beltane Night of the ancient Irish and described by a Divorce Court Judge not long ago as "a kind of Pagan harvest-festival," are still held behind locked doors. Only the noise of cheers, popping corks, kisses, and dainty screams,

... as when a Grace
Sprinkles another's laughing face
With nectar, and runs on,

inform the belated passer-by that the dough has been discovered to be still intact, roughly speaking. Not all economists approve these jubilations, we find. "The first duty of banking personnel on learning the exhilarating news," one of them snarled to us with puritanical venom last week, "is not to roll in the arms of women but to think of fresh deposits." This is, we are informed, precisely what exquisite girl-cashiers concentrate on as they struggle with smoking lips in the arms of Mockett, Flopson, Gripscombe, and Scattermole, Ltd., the visiting auditors.

"How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this Bank!"—and how little Shakespeare knew, judging by this bit of whimsy, of banking-from-the-inside.

BRIGGS



—by Graham



Left: Miss Anne Traill, Mr. Michael Vernon and Mr. Richard Botwood were intently watching Mrs. Michael Vernon as she wound up a toy car



Viscountess Curzon, of the dance committee, talking to Cdr. E. M. Haines, at the May Fair Hotel

NIGHT THAT HELPED LIFE-BOAT SERVICE

A LARGE and enthusiastic company attended the ball for the Royal National Lifeboat Institution. The evening's entertainment included a cabaret by Hutch and a dress show by Maggy Rouff, of Paris



Left: Mr. Richard Blake and Miss Bridget Greenhough were among those who were enjoying this event held in aid of a most worthy cause



Mr. Peter Palumbo was admiring Miss Muriel Warter's attractively painted fan. There was dinner before dancing, and also a tombola



Right: Countess Howe, who was a vice-chairman of the dance committee, was sharing a joke with Mr. H. Hansson, head of Sweden's Lifeboat Institution



Left : Mr. G. Boyd Thomson, hon. sec. of the Whaddon, was discussing the hunting situation over Christmas with Capt. Judd



Mr. L. B. Stoddart, chairman of the Hunt, and Mrs. Stoddart were putting a point to the Master, Mr. Dorian Williams

WHADDON SOUGHT AND CAUGHT SPIRIT OF HOLIDAY SEASON

A SPECIAL gaiety attended the Whaddon Chase Ball, held, as it was, on the eve of the holiday season. This most successful occasion took place at the Old Ride, Little Horwood, Bucks, and followers of many neighbouring packs were amongst the guests



There was good company on the staircase, including Miss Stella Wood, Mr. Sam Inglefield and Miss Priscilla Coode-Adams



Left : Four of the younger followers at the ball were Miss Edwina Seldon, Mr. Robert Gentle, Mr. Tony Villar and Miss Jenny Johnston



Right : Mrs. Joan Harper and Mr. Peter Agnew were exchanging views on a serious hunting problem, while they were sitting out for refreshment

DAY OF HEAVY GOING IN THE COTSWOLDS

HOUNDS, horses and riders took home a good share of West Country mud with them after the Cotswold met at Hazleton recently. The inclement weather has been a menace to hunting all over England this winter



Lady Mary Rose Williams brought her small daughter Linda over from her home at Turkdean, Northleach. She is a sister of the late ninth Duke of Grafton

Sir Hugh Arbuthnot, Bt., who has been Master of the Cotswold since 1952, and hunts hounds himself, was chatting to Miss Susan Larkworthy. The hunt dates from 1858



Swaeb

SABRETACHE

BRER FOX AND CO., TRICKSTERS

IT has always been inevitable that at this season of the year people who possess that treacherous thing, a little knowledge, should "take their pen in hand," and say something about the "cruelty of fox hunting, half a hundred of great big dogs pursuing one poor little fox," and so forth, but they have never stopped to think that the law of Nature is in itself cruel.

Everything hunts something, and by no means always for food, but very often just for the fun of it, and because, if something runs away from something else, it is dead certain that the something else will run after it. Take boys and girls as a very handy example! It is perfectly true that the hound hunts the fox, and is mad keen to get him, but the moment the fox either beats him, or he beats the fox, the anger evaporates. The hound hunts the fox, the fox hunts the rooster, the rooster hunts the worm or the flea, and the flea hunts something else, and so on *ad infinitum*. We have all heard that old jingle ever since we left our cradles.

AND why the "poor fox"? He knows a lot more about the art of venery than any huntsman that ever was bred, born or thought of! For every twenty brace of foxes found, only about one brace is killed. I think it can be put as high as that. Watch any fox

on a bad scenting day as soon as he knows that he is not in view. I have seen a fox sit down and scratch his ear while hounds are trying to muddle out his line in covert, and then swagger off at his own pace!

They had a fox in the Albrighton country who used to lead them a rare dance till they got to a tarmac road, which ran just beyond a park wall. He then vanished into thin air. Another wall ran at right angles to the park one, so all that Brer Fox had to do was to hop up on to that wall and run his own heel! At last someone caught him at it.

THERE was another case of some earths in a railway embankment, and hounds were always stopped, if possible, because of the danger from the trains. Brer Fox and his friends knew this, and the huntsman to that pack told me that often it was a case of "house full" with more than one brush sticking out of the mouth of the earth.

The most impudent vulp that I ever knew was an old vixen who took up her abode right underneath Baggrave, where Algy Burnaby, that famous Master of the Quorn, lived for so long. That old girl knew it was the safest spot, and, generally speaking, any fox can buy and sell the whole lot of us where cunning is concerned. There was another fox who had a favourite tree close to his abode, and when he

went away he used to make for it, climb it and then watch hounds making an ineffectual effort to pick up his line. His ruse was eventually discovered, and as he was a notorious roost robber he met the fate which he deserved, for he had many murders of fat pullets, geese, and so forth, to his score.

Another rascal whom I used to meet quite frequently—I think it was in the West Norfolk country—had white rings round his eyes and also was a famous local character who defied his pursuers for a very long time, and I do not think that they ever killed him. He had a great dash on foot, and he knew every yard of the country. Oliver Birkbeck (the then M.F.H.) never caught him and I don't think any one else ever did!

MANY of his sort existed and I am sure there are still plenty left. It has been said that a hare is full of more tricks than a fox, but that I never could believe. I have only been out with harriers about twice in my life, and so I am perhaps not a fair judge. The fox has always been good enough for me, because he is a character of very high spirit and immense cunning.



A NEW SHOP FOR RARE BOOKS

PETER MURRAY HILL, seen here with his wife and co-director, Phyllis Calvert, has just opened a new bookshop in Cranmer Court, Chelsea, where he specialises in rare 17th- and 18th-century works



F. J. Goodman

Book Reviews

by

Elizabeth Bowen

THE CLOISTERED FANTASTIC

"HIS characters have consolidated their hold on the imaginations of men, women and children throughout the world, to a degree unattained by the characters of any author with the exception of Shakespeare, Dickens, and, perhaps, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle." So says Derek Hudson in LEWIS CARROLL (Constable; 21s.). Nor does the claim seem too big to make. *Alice* and all her company are immortal—and more, they have a super-lifelike likeness to life.

Unique as creatures of fantasy, they are, still, universal: prototypes of all kinds of human oddity. Which of us does not number among his acquaintances a White Rabbit, White Knight, White Queen, Dormouse, Sheep-lady, Mad Hatter or thoroughly vexed Mouse? Those we know who resemble a Carroll character partake, in some way, of the hue of magic.

From whence did the Carroll creations spring? Mr. Hudson has tackled, in this biography, a major enigma of personality. For, as we see, the Rev. Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, clerical Oxford mathematician, was on the whole a serious type. His grown-up contemporaries found him formal, ultra-reserved and a shade stiff. His academic existence, in rooms in Tom Quad, Christ Church, was in every possible sense cloistered.

ALSO, he was touchy—as, one remembers, are many of the characters in the *Wonderland* and *Through the Looking-Glass*—and quick to avenge real or imagined slights with a caustic wit which did not endear him. That *this* should, at the same time, be Lewis Carroll was evidently a poser to the grown-ups: to their children it was not at all surprising. With children or, that is, with little girls, Mr. Dodgson was Lewis Carroll the whole time.

Few are those, one may hope, who do not like children. But in this case, here was a kind of love which reached the point of infatuation, making for the exclusion of any other. To an extent, as Mr. Hudson suggests,

the celibate intellectual who gave birth to *Alice* was in love with the memories of his own childhood. (Or, as one would drearily say in these days, "fixated" upon his own early years.) Not much had occurred to detach him. Sedate, unspoiled Victorian Oxford—within which, since first he went up as an undergraduate, he had remained—preserved him from the rough-and-tumble of life and cruder emotional experiences. He quitted Oxford, as time went on, only to stay with his group of sisters at Guildford, or to visit the seaside, where he made friends with new and charming children along the sands.

IN the impersonal field of pure mathematics, his brain was happy; photography satisfied his artistic side. He fulfilled such clerical duties as devolved on him scrupulously, and, indeed, with courage—for he had to combat all the dreads of the stammerer. Critics found him something of

a snob: when he did emerge into the world it was into higher society and the greater houses. Otherwise, one hears of him paying court only to the mothers of little girls. Little girls had, for him, but one disadvantage—their devastating tendency to grow up; as to this, nature and the years proved, alas, relentless. One by one, the little queens of his heart had to be replaced. And they always were.

His own childhood *had* been a Victorian idyll. Like so many other cases of English genius (Tennyson, the Brontës, Jane Austen, and so on) he was parsonage-born. The rather meagre living at Daresbury, Cheshire, was succeeded, when young Charles was six years old, by the more nearly opulent Croft, in Yorkshire. The wide lawn, mellow Georgian frontage and tall, friendly, shady "umbrella-tree" of Croft Rectory are, in a water-colour drawing, reproduced here. The little Dodgsons, eleven in all, played those enchanting, endless games of imagination which Charles, the eldest brother, devised. Recent discoveries under Croft nursery floor-boards, a *cache* of odd little treasures, provide a key (or so Mr. Hudson suggests) to the nascent Lewis Carroll mythology. Among them, a block of wood, on which a young hand—his?—had printed these lines:—

And we'll wander through
the wide world
and chase the buffalo.

SHADES of the prison-house closed in when the boy was sent off to school at Rugby: over-sensitivity, the stammer, hopelessness at games unfitted him for public school life. He was badly bullied; the word "muff" was written against his name. . . . This wretched time with the young of his own sex may have provided at least one reason why Carroll-Dodgson, in after years, only really liked children who were girls. . . . Little Alice Liddell, the inspirer of *Alice* (a tale first told to her and her sisters during a boating-picnic, a golden day), is thought to have kept a lasting hold on his heart—her marriage, Mr. Hudson suggests, was for him something of a tragedy. It seems also possible that he was in love with the seventeen-year-old Ellen Terry.

So, the wide world he roamed through, chasing the buffalo, was forever to be the world of the inner fantasy. . . . Mr. Hudson gives a fascinating account of the genesis, then the blazing success, of the two *Alice* books. Also, of his demure though dream-fraught relationships with Oxford and

[Continued on page 44]

IN PRAISE OF POODLES

STANLEY DANGERFIELD, Chief Steward of Cruft's, has written a fascinating book, *Your Poodle and Mine* (Rockliff; 18s.), on the history, care and welfare of the French poodle. It is illustrated by excellent photographs and diagrams. Right: A pair of white miniatures from the kennels of Mrs. G. Longworth Birch



AN EVENING IN BOHEMIA FOR YOUNGER GENERATION

THE HON. MRS. R. DENISON-PENDER was chairman of a Christmas holiday party for over 300 children, who thoroughly enjoyed dancing and a buffet at the Chelsea Town Hall in aid of the Feathers Club for boys and girls



Two energetic dancers in the Gay Gordons were Lavinia and Hugh Davies, children of the Hon. Mrs. F. T. Davies, of St. John's Wood



Left: Two of the more senior guests at the party: Simon Charles tying a gay balloon on to Susan Price's wrist



Left: Henrietta March-Phillips was escorted by James Denison-Pender. Michael Denison-Pender with Diana Whitworth-Jones

Right: Tania Hunter together with her escort, John Hourigan. Ages of the guests at the party ranged from eight to sixteen.



On the stairs: Nerena Villiers, Caroline Villiers, Simon Elliot, son of Air Chief Marshal Sir William Elliot, Richard Butler and Alexander Chancellor



A LANCIA KAPPA, vintage 1917, rated at 28 h.p., is seen at London Airport with its owner-driver, Mr. H. A. Bates, a B.O.A.C. arrival and departure supervisor. Behind is the celebrated Stratocruiser Canopus



Motoring

New crimes promised

Oliver Stewart

WHY Bills presented to Parliament should so often be testimonies of ignorance of the subjects with which they deal is one of the mysteries of life. It would almost appear that the Government's Road Traffic Bill had been drawn up by a body of men specially selected for their lack of practical road experience. Worse still, the Bill is inherently illogical. An eminent lawyer pointed out to me immediately the terms had been published that the provision that a person convicted of drunkenness in charge of a motor vehicle should be required to take a driving test was the most stupendously stunning *non sequitur* ever penned.

Nor do I agree with the idea that pedestrians should be subject to prosecution for careless use of the highway. I know well enough what a curse the feckless pedestrian can be to the driver; but I also know that he is more vulnerable than the driver and that he, no less than the driver, is subject to the momentary aberrations and misjudgments that are common to all living creatures.

TO imagine that the threat of legal action will help the pedestrian to look after himself is hypocritical rubbish. Is it really going to become a crime in England in 1955 to be absent-minded, or feather-brained or dull or distract? May I, with the greatest respect, suggest that all Members of Parliament who vote that it is, are voting themselves criminals?

Then there are the parking meters. The motorist has become so used to being stung by every known official and unofficial body that a few more shillings may not make much difference one way or the other. He knows that there is no closed season for stalking the motorist's purse. But do not let us admit this clause without being clear in our minds that it involves a new principle and a dangerous one. Those who, in addition to their rates and taxes, are paying £1,000,000 a day in motoring taxation are going to be squeezed until they are dry. The Queen's highway will become the local authorities' highway. Is that the people's wish?

It is easy to perceive the central belief behind the new Bill. It is that there is one way and one way only to reduce

accidents on the roads and to mitigate traffic congestion; and that way is to reduce the amount of traffic. This Bill is solely and simply a Bill to check the development of road traffic. It will check road traffic if it becomes law. And in so doing it will restrict the activities of our motor manufacturers, reduce the amount of labour they can absorb and cut down their export figures. It is not only a silly Bill; it is a Bill which is, in the truest and broadest sense, against the national interest.

A LIGHT meal, often taken at an exceptional time," is, I find, the dictionary meaning of "collation." Light, the cold collation provided by Mr. and Mrs. Frank Woodhead for their guests at London-derry House may have been; lavish it certainly was. The party brought together many distinguished motoring pioneers with a sprinkling of aviation pioneers. The mixture was appropriate, for Frank Woodhead has long been interested in both activities—as one of the world's largest makers of springs for motor vehicles and, if my memory serves me correctly, as a private aeroplane owner.

It was at this party that my old friend Laurence Pomeroy, one of the best technical writers of the present day, propounded his

theory that, as one became older, one should acquire ever faster motor-cars. His belief is that, as the sands run out, it is necessary to make up for the diminishing availability of time by going places at ever greater speeds! It is a pleasingly perverse theory and ought to be useful in persuading many venerable waverers that it is time they bought a Continental Bentley.

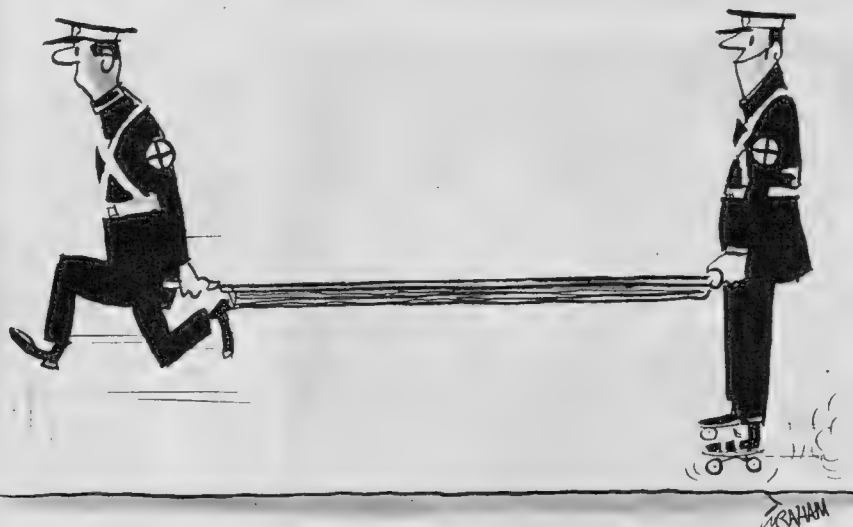
IN a few days—on the 16th to be exact—we may be able to glean a little advance information about the shape of the racing season to come. For it is the date of the Argentine Grand Prix and although the club has not sent me details of entries or rules, I am told by a friend who is flying out for the event that Moss is down to drive a Mercedes. Moreover we shall see whether the Lancias are now fully developed, for it appears that there is an official Lancia entry.

This race does not do more than give hints. For there is an interval before the crush of Continental events, and it can happen that things are discovered in the Argentine Grand Prix which alter a car's subsequent chances. There is time for fairly extensive modification.

H. R.H. PRINCE PHILIP was the first member of the Royal Family to give a lecture before the Royal Aeronautical Society. It was the tenth British Commonwealth and Empire Lecture and the assembly hall at Church House, Westminster, was packed solid for the occasion. It is difficult, when a person of such eminence reads a paper, to judge the paper purely on its merits. But my opinion was that the Prince had distilled from his recent world tour matter of supreme interest to the British aircraft industry.

It was an eye-opener to many people well versed in aviation to learn that only about one of the British aircraft used for the multifarious duties of agriculture, survey, flying doctor services, and so on, had been designed for the job. The others are adaptations. The scope for the British manufacturer is clear for all to see. The Duke mentioned the Bristol Freighter as an example of a successful machine designed for the job, and there is no doubt that we ought to be designing and building other aircraft equally specific.

More thought should be given to agricultural uses of aircraft in the Commonwealth and to the kind of rough and ready transport that is needed in so many undeveloped parts of the world. My opinion is that this lecture was of great value and should point our industry towards a new mark which it has every chance of hitting.



GUESTS OF A FAMOUS CLUB

A FESTIVE Christmas party and dinner was given at the Constitutional Club in Northumberland Avenue, when Viscount and Viscountess Woolton were the guests of honour



Before receiving the guests, Mrs. Cobb was presented with a bouquet from Miss Jennifer Locke, while her husband, Mr. Keith L. Cobb, chairman of the Political Committee, looked on



Viscount Woolton, the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, accepts a boutonhole from Miss Glenys Williams. Watching is Col. H. C. Joel



Members of a party of six were Miss Dorothy Barton-Smith, Miss Mary Hart, Lord Grenfell, Lady Grenfell, Mr. John Hart and Lady Williams



Dr. Gerard Vaughan, from Blisworth Hospital, Northants, brought his fiancée, Miss Thurlie Laver, to the dinner. They are to be married in February



Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Tattersall were on their way in to dinner. Some 200 members and their guests attended this interesting occasion

Clayton Evans



Sapphire-dyed flank musquash makes this hip-length jacket with its small, Peter Pan collar and long sleeves, split at the ends so that they can be turned up into big cuffs. It costs 98 gns. and is shown here with an Italian wool suit and a small, dark brown melusine hat, immensely smart



THE FASCINATION OF FURS

BACKBONE of a busy woman's wardrobe—a short fur coat that is tough enough for all-day wear, yet rises to the grand occasion. The coat on the opposite page comes from the National Fur Company, the merchandise shown with it from Finnigans of Bond Street — MARIEL DEANS

Morning in the country. The coat goes to a race meeting, belted and happily teamed with a beret and tweed.

A CHOICE
FOR THE WEEK

The coat worn over a grey-green satin beaded evening dress. The sleeves have been turned back into big cuffs



John French

Dress rehearsal for summer in an island beyond the fog

WITH Christmas behind us, our imaginations are apt to make a leap forward to summer and holidays. The shops aid and abet, showing rails of cotton frocks and now The TATLER joins in with photographs taken in Madeira showing clothes made for you to wear on summer days and evenings — MARIEL DEANS



Horrockses clever sea-side four piece consists of a wrap-around skirt, bolero, boned and strapless bodice and white shorts. It is seen here worn without the bolero

All set for sunbathing, in the brief white piqué shorts and scarlet cotton white spotted bodice. Dickins & Jones will have this whole outfit by the end of the month





Horrockses four piece. The holiday-maker on the beach of the Savoy Hotel is now wearing the full outfit as she would be for breakfast or a visit to the town

Butterfly gaiety for the sub-tropical day

THESE three lovely dresses, by Brenner's, Susan Small and Linzi, represent suitability and smartness for the more social occasions we shall attend during the hot days and lyrical evenings of a Madeira holiday

Photographed by
Hans Wild



MORNING (left). Photographed in the main square at Funchal, Brenner's trim little navy blue dress made of a rayon and cotton mixture with a raised white stripe. This is a good example of the cotton dress that goes to town; its widely scooped-out neckline is very much a this year's feature. Peter Robinson is the retailer

AFTERNOON (above). Susan Small's pretty yellow cotton frock patterned with orange butterflies is another dress with a low neckline, this time finished with a turn-down collar. The closely moulded line of the body is emphasized by button trimming below the bust and on the hips. Marshall & Snelgrove will have this dress in February

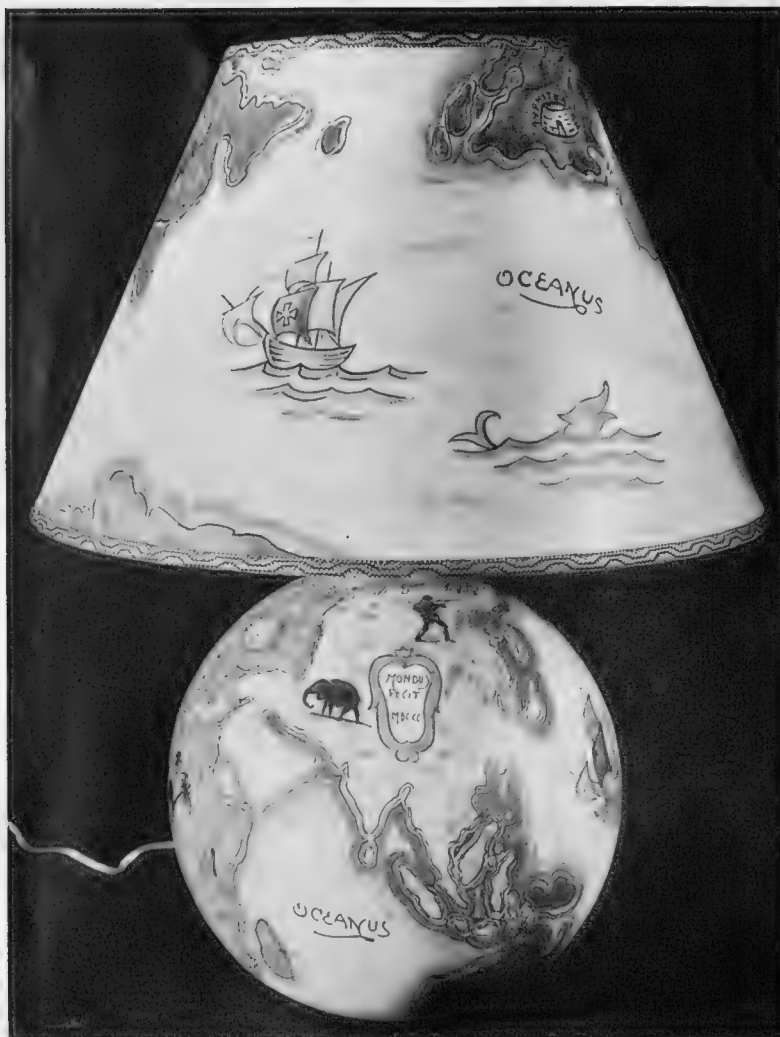
EVENING (right) at Camara de Lobos. She wears Linzi's dress of crimson organdie flock-printed in white. Bows of the same material make a finish to the strapless décolletage and for the low, moulded hipline from which the skirt fullness springs. D. H. Evans are the retailers of this dress



When the lights go up —

VARIATIONS on the lamp-light theme come from Italy, with beautiful and original designs that add to the décor by day, but most fully come into their own at nightfall
—JEAN CLELAND

The purchaser of this lamp, with its lifelike cockerel, will have something to crow about. Price 15 gns. Chiffon shade 4 gns. From Harrods



A world of difference can be made to a room with this "World" lamp with "Map" shade. Lamp, 8 gns.; shade, 5 gns. From Harrods



This Fish lamp from Italy, in lovely colourful shades, will put you right in the swim. Price 15 gns. Pleated Empire shade £3 6s. 6d. From Harrods



Left: A novelty can be introduced into the nursery with this "Astronomer" lamp, which is excitingly different. Price £4 18s. 6d. From Harrods



Right: What child (or grown-up either, for that matter) could resist this old woman with her gay bunch of balloons, forming the "Balloon" lamp. Price £5 10s. 0d. From Harrods

Dennis Smith

— lamps dominate the décor



NEW and original ways of softly lighting the room while looking at television are being devised, and the very latest to come on to the market are some beautiful "shells" and alabaster models from Italy. The light, placed inside, shines through with a diffused radiance that is sufficient for "seeing" without in any way interfering with whatever is taking place on the screen. The three shown here are the "Cornucopia," price 9 guineas, the "Shell" 5 guineas, and the "Leaf" £5 18s. 6d. They all come from Harrods.

★ ★ ★

"INSPIRED Lighting" is the name given to the "plinth" way of lighting a room softly and without glare. Lovely effects can be had by placing bowls of flowers on top of the plinth, from which the light is thrown upwards to illuminate the blooms and the foliage.

The manufacturers have several suggestions to make as to the best way of using this form

of lighting to advantage. (a) Since the light is thrown up, the effect is best when the plinth is placed at, or above, eye level. (b) Vases or bowls—for the flowers—should be of glass, which, if coloured, look particularly lovely. (c) The plinth lamp is of low voltage to avoid any possibility of shortening the life of the flowers. Do not, therefore, place it too close to a high powered lamp, which would—in competition—dim its radiance.

★ ★ ★

EVER gone to visit a friend and had difficulty in finding the bell? All that can now be obviated by having a "light-spot" on your front door, which acts as an illuminated bell push. This neat and glowing little gadget, complete with screws to fix it to the door, costs only 4s. 3d. It gives a welcome to guests arriving for a party, and practical help to the householder returning from one. Obtainable from the electrical departments of most big stores.

Beauty

TIME-PROOF
RECIPES

Jean Cleland

WHILE, in the light of modern science, we are apt to scoff at old-fashioned notions, there is no doubt that some—handed down to us by our elders and betters—have stood the test of time, and are still remarkably effective

IN my day," said my mother—eighty-seven—who receives my news of modern methods with a perceptible sniff—"we had none of these new-fangled ideas. Fresh air and a good iron tonic—if necessary—brought the colour to our cheeks, rainwater kept our complexions soft, and plenty of good hard brushing made our hair shine. As regards what you call aids to beauty," she continued, "we used simple things. I can remember my mother rubbing our heads, after washing them, with good Scotch whisky, when we were babies."

"Whisky?" I interrupted. "Surely that was terribly extravagant."

"No," said my mother with a reminiscent smile, "not so very, at something like 3s. 6d. a bottle."

WHEN I got my breath back sufficiently to ask, why did she use it? mother replied: "To encourage the curl—I applied it with flannel and rubbed the softy downy hair round and round—and to keep the cold out." Leaving



me with the thought that no doubt the father of that Scottish household found other and more enjoyable means of using whisky for defying the cold, she went off to stir her jam, which she still insists on making, rather than eat that "bought stuff."

All this set me thinking of some of the old remedies and beautifiers which are still being used with great success. In some cases, where science has improved upon them, it is interesting to see how they have been brought up-to-date to suit the modern methods. An outstanding example is yeast.

As most people know, this is an excellent internal tonic, but for some considerable time it has also been recognized as an effective pick-me-up for the skin. Years ago a recipe was given to me, by which a good face mask could easily be made at home. This was done by mixing two ounces of fresh yeast with a special carbolized lotion, then spreading it on the face—after thorough cleansing—and leaving till dry. I remember trying it and finding it extraordinarily good.

Then came the Yeast-Pac which provided a better and more simple way of applying a home treatment. Increasingly popular with the years, this still provides one of the most inexpensive and refreshing treatments I know.

Now, to bring this versatile product right into the news, comes the "Yeast Permanent Wave," which Raymond is now using in his salons. To use his own words, "There's life in yeast, and yeast puts life into the hair." Sounds reasonable to me. Moreover, Raymond declares that intensive tests have proved that the yeast perm waves and curls the hair in half the usual time, which is good news for busy women.

Oatmeal is another old-time product which, incorporated into soap and cream, has long been a firm favourite with many people. Realizing its beneficial qualities, Rimmel used it to create an extremely good face pack, which is still going strong. Especially recommended for oily skin conditions and acne, it can be bought in a carton, containing, in two separate Cellophane envelopes, enough for two beauty treatments.

This provides an extremely easy way of refining the pores and of improving the texture of the skin when it is looking a little slack and out of condition. All you have to do is to mix the contents of one packet to a creamy paste with a tablespoon of warm milk or water, and then apply the paste with the finger tips all over the face and neck. If your skin is oily, leave on for fifteen to twenty minutes,

then remove with lukewarm water. For normal or dry skin, leave on for ten minutes.

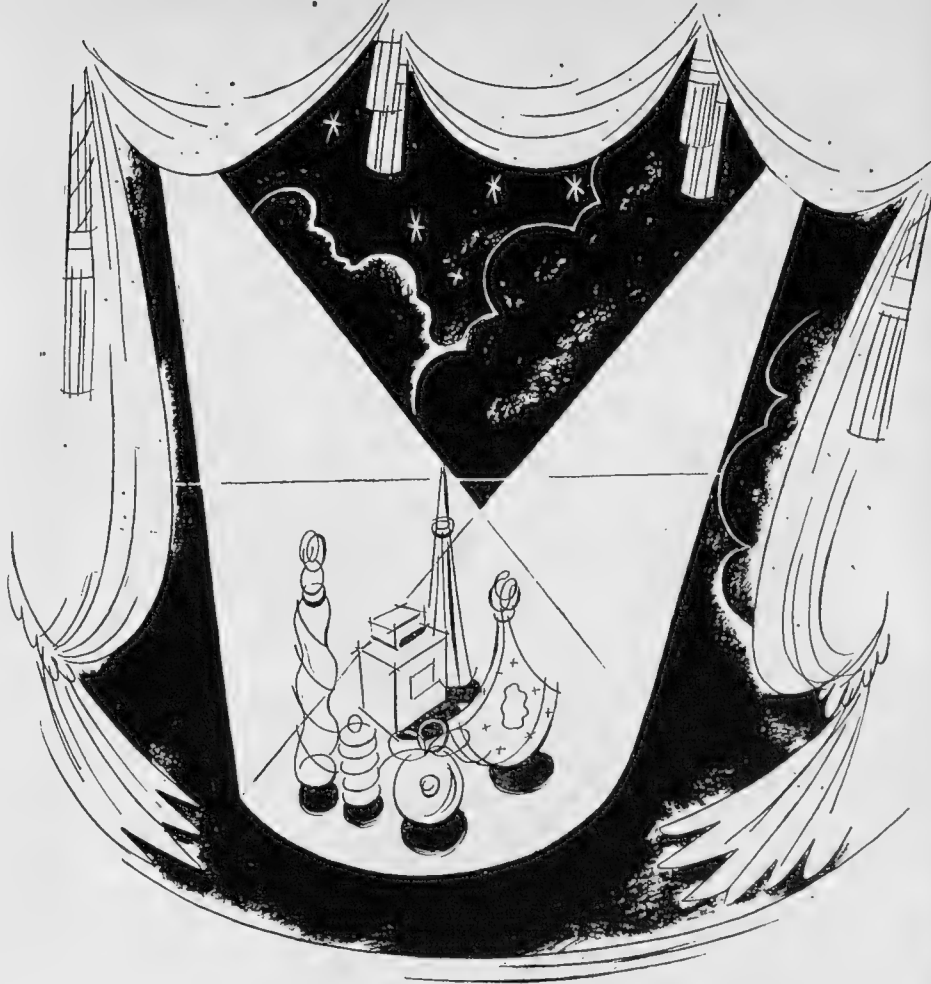
Better still for the dry skin is Rimmel's latest creation, called "Violet Oatmeal Beauty Mask." This comes in cream form in a tube and, being made to a new formula, cannot dry out on the skin. This makes it ideal for the fine, sensitive complexion that needs something gentle in its action. It is available in two sizes; one sufficient for three face and neck treatments costs 3s. 6d. a tube, the other, sufficient for ten face and neck treatments, costs 8s. 7d.

BEFORE we leave these old-cum-new beauty aids, I must remind you that oatmeal is an excellent water softener, and if you live in a district where the water is hard, you would do well to take heed of this. There are oatmeal bath luxuries specially designed for this purpose, and two I can thoroughly recommend are Rimmel's bath cubes (violet), bath soap, violet oatmeal (for sprinkling in bath) and Yardley's bath soap.



Zanton

"Wedding Ring," in which curls soften the brow, is one of Raymond's latest styles. The hair has previously been treated with his "Yeast Permanent Wave"



SOME RECENT ENGAGEMENTS

Miss Jasmine Eve Blackden, elder daughter of the late W/Cdr. V. Q. Blackden, R.A.F., and of Mrs. Quentery Blackden, of Crowlink Cottage, Horam, Sussex, who is engaged to marry Mr. Frederick George Buller, fourth son of Major and Mrs. J. F. Buller, of Hankham Hall, Pevensey, Sussex



Bassano



Harlip

Miss Susan Speir, elder daughter of W/Cdr. and Mrs. R. C. T. Speir, of Linkside, Nairn, is to marry Mr. Michael George O'Brien, younger son of Lt.-Col. the Hon. H. B. O'Brien, and Lady Helen O'Brien, of Kilduff, East Lothian



Fayer

Miss Janet M. McLeod, only daughter of Lieut.-General Sir Kenneth and Lady McLeod, of Stratton Lodge, Inverness, is engaged to Mr. Hugh Robert La Touche Corrie, elder son of Sir Owen Corrie, of the Supreme Court, Nairobi, Kenya and Lady Corrie



Lenore

Miss Henrietta Sarah Angenis Hoos, only daughter of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. E. J. Hoos, of Thistleton Grange, Oakham, Rutland, is to marry Mr. David Ralph Davies-Cooke, younger son of Col. and Mrs. P. R. Davies-Cooke, of Mold, North Wales



Norton-Pratt

Miss Fiona Isabel Thornycroft, elder daughter of Mr. R. Thornycroft, and of Mrs. Muriel Thornycroft, of Eccleston Mews, Belgrave Place, S.W.1, is engaged to Mr. A. T. F. McNeill, son of Capt. and Mrs. R. McNeill, of Wheddon Cross, Minehead, Somerset



Pearl Freeman

Miss Patricia Jackson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Jackson of Ardfrooch, Kilmalcolm, Renfrewshire, Scotland, is engaged to marry Lt.-Cdr. (E.) J. H. M. G. Lang, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. Gordon Lang, of Windyridge, Kilmalcolm

THEY WERE MARRIED

The TATLER'S REVIEW



RUSSELL—ROGERS

Mr. Robert M. Russell, only son of Sir Robert and Lady Russell, of Grange Road, Edinburgh, married Miss V. M. Rogers, youngest daughter of the late Mrs. Rogers and of Mr. G. S. de M. Rogers, of Princes Crescent, Hove, at St. George's, Hanover Square



CORNELL—HILLEARY

Lt. Harry R. Cornell, R.N., son of Mr. R. W. Cornell, and the late Mrs. Cornell, and stepson of Mrs. R. W. Cornell, of Stanford House, Wedmore, Somerset, married Miss Shena S. Hilleary, daughter of Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. E. K. M. Hilleary, of Lyndale, Isle of Skye, at Christ Church, Down Street, W.1



EDINGTON—WIMBERLEY

Capt. J. R. R. Edington, Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, son of Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Edington, of Drynoch, Ardrishaig, Argyll, married Miss L. C. Wimberley, only daughter of Maj.-Gen. and Mrs. D. N. Wimberley, of Foxhall, Coupar Angus, at St. John's, Perth



GUELL—MERRY DEL VAL

The marriage took place in El Alamin, Spain, of Reyes Merry del Val, granddaughter of the Marquess Merry del Val, former Spanish Ambassador in London, and Alfonso Guell, son of Count Ruiseñada, Chief Chamberlain to Queen Victoria Eugenie, and Countess Ruiseñada



MASON—EDEN

Capt. Frederic Edward Isdale (Robin) Mason, The Royal Norfolk Regiment, only son of Mr. and Mrs. F. Mason, of St. Margaret's-on-Thames, married the Hon. Elizabeth Eden, daughter of Lord and Lady Auckland, at All Souls' Church, St. Margaret's

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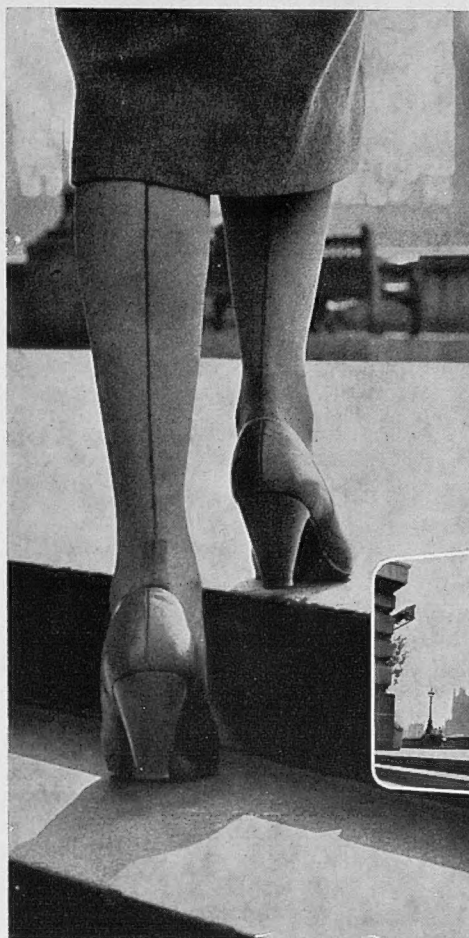
	beds	min.	max.
Tschuggen Grandhotel	180	192	306
Excelsior	100	192	306
Hof Maran (new house)	100	192	306
Hof Maran (old house)	100	176.50	265
Arosa Kulm	170	192	306
Des Alpes	60	176.50	265
Eden	80	176.50	265
Seehof	110	176.50	265
Valsana	100	176.50	265
Alexandra Golfhotel	90	169	242
Bellevue	110	169	242
Berghotel Prättschli	80	169	242
Raetia	90	169	242
Hohenfels	80	169	242
Post-und Sporthotel	70	169	242
Rothorn-Savoy	100	152	242
Alpensonne	50	143.50	210
Suvretta	40	143.50	210
Belvédère-Terrasse	65	143.50	210
Tanneck		126.50	173
Merkur	40	143.50	210
Surlej	40	143.50	210
Streiff-Juventas	50	143.50	210
Anita	40	140	190
Berghus	40	140	190
Touring	30	136	180
Gentiana	30	136	180
Hubelsee garni	35	70	98

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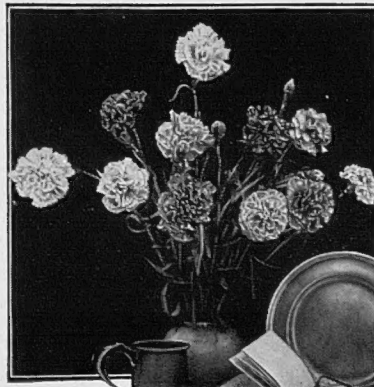
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Books [Continuing from page 28]

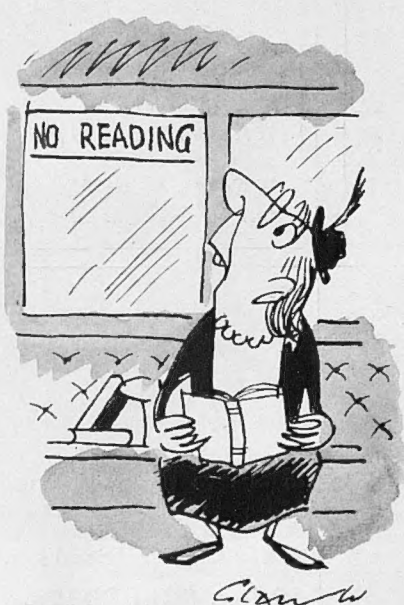
Fell Proceedings
in Cumberland

met-at-the-seaside children. One small girl sat down with him, in Christ Church rooms, to a dinner beginning with turtle soup and ending with a glass of liqueur. Either the menu was not divulged at home, or Victorian mothers must have been less fussy than one thought.

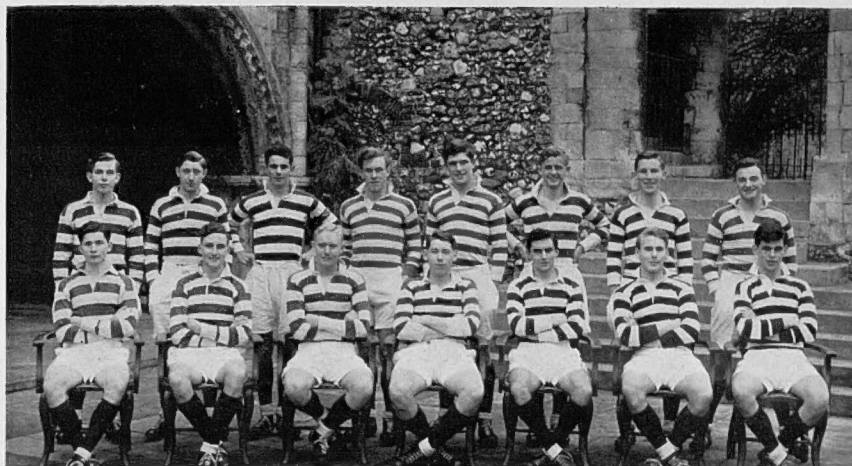
★ ★ ★

SMITH, by Kate Christie (Collins, 10s. 6d.), is a distinguished first novel, with a Cumberland setting. Harold, the hero, is a distraught but lovable young squire, back from the war with a lame leg. Locally known as "the major," Harold is also saddled with another memento of his military past—Smith, his former batman, a devilish Cockney. The Smiths (the wife a shadowy character) are by way of running the lakeside manor house—actually, Smith is the evil genius of his employer. The story, really superbly told, might be called a study of fatal loyalty. Why does Harold, in spite of increasing protests from the neighbourhood, refuse to sack Smith? Why, still more, does Harold, against the doctor's advice, refuse to send his unhappily mad mother away to the mental home where she might be cured?

To his own noble obstinacy, Harold sacrifices his love for Mary, the strange, independent girl across the lake. The novel, however, is not so tragic as it sounds: Miss Christie, no less good in the comic vein, brings to life county society at its most commanding. We have a hunt, a point-to-point and a ball. And poor young Pamela, parson's daughter, overpowered by the patronage of Lady Baker, is memorable. Best of all, Miss Christie paints for us lake and mountains, Cumberland days and nights and the changing seasons, with something more than descriptive power. Almost each page of hers holds a glint of beauty. If she writes other novels as good as *Smith*, she will go far, very far indeed.



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THE KING'S SCHOOL, CANTERBURY, FIRST XV. Back row: M. F. Sparrow, K. S. Adams, A. J. Agnew, D. E. Balfour, A. R. Murth, R. J. Snell, C. N. Lainé, C. E. von Bibra. Front row: C. B. Strouts, P. J. Allen, R. B. P. Linton, D. D. Jevons (captain), R. J. C. Collins, W. W. Smith, G. M. Lynch

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS

The King's School

GENERALLY considered to be the oldest English public school, the King's School, Canterbury, dates from A.D. 598, when St. Augustine founded the Cathedral of Canterbury. After the dissolution of the monastery King Henry VIII made the school a Royal foundation, and new statutes were adopted by which the school was to consist of a headmaster, a second master and fifty King's Scholars to be by the Dean and Chapter maintained for ever.

The Great Choir of Canterbury Cathedral is the Chapel of the King's Scholars, who for over four hundred years have processed to and from the Cathedral. They are nowadays attired in the long traditional dress of black coat and trousers, wing collar and speckled straw hats. The scholars are part of the Cathedral foundation as much as any Canon or Dean, and on the enthroning of a new Archbishop make to him an oath of obedience.

In earlier medieval days the school was located near St. Alphege's Church, but in 1559 moved into the Mint Yard. From ancient days a Royal Mint stood in the quadrangle, and its name has persisted, though it was also called the Almonry Yard, the place immediately outside the monastery where the monks performed their works of charity.

THE buildings of the King's School belong to every period of architecture. The outstanding feature is the Norman staircase, built by Prior Wibert between 1151-1167. It was by this staircase that the poorer pilgrims ascended to their lodgings in the Strangers' Hall, now the school library. By tradition the school assembles twice every term in the court below the staircase to hear read out the honours and distinctions gained by past students, and the award of colours by the captains of games.

Other interesting buildings of great antiquity within the precincts of the Cathedral include the Dark Entry house, celebrated in the Ingoldsby Legends, the monastic buildings, the brewery, bakery and granary, and the house of Meister Omers, built about 1250, which for seven hundred years has borne his name, believed to be that of the monastic bailiff, Master Omer or Homer. In the great sleeping chamber of the bailiff, known as the Queen Elizabeth Dormitory, is a fresco of her

arms, the lion and the red dragon of Wales—the unicorn was only introduced in the reign of James I.

This is, in brief outline, the fascinating story of its foundation and of a few of the notable buildings within the shadow of the cathedral: and in this historic setting the Rev. Canon F. J. Shirley continues the great work of the long list of distinguished headmasters. Among the famous men educated there were Thomas Linacre, who founded the Royal College of Physicians, and William Harvey, another great name in English medicine, Archbishops of Canterbury and York, and eminent men of law in Lord Tenterden, Lord Thurlow and Lord Justice Luxmore. The literary men range from Christopher Marlowe, the Elizabethan dramatist, to Walter Pater, essayist of the nineteenth century, and Hugh Walpole and Somerset Maugham in our own time.

GAMES were played on the Green Court from time immemorial and it is still used for fielding practice, but in the early 1930s the school acquired some forty acres of playing fields. It is rather surprising to find that it has produced few county cricketers of note. The standard has, however, steadily improved in recent years under the coaching of Frank Woolley and more recently Alan Ratcliffe, and last season was a particularly good one, when the eleven lost but one match.

In the early days of football the school had its own type of game, but later adopted the Rugby code, and in 1877 played their first match under Rugby rules against Dover College, opponents who still figure in the fixture card. Many old King's scholars have achieved distinction in first-class Rugby, and perhaps the most colourful personality is C. H. Gadney, the famous referee of international repute.

In other sporting activities the outstanding feature since the war has been the growth and progress of the School Boat Club. In 1952 the eight made its first appearance at Henley, and the following year reached the final of the Princess Elizabeth Cup, losing to St. Paul's by only half a length, to establish themselves as a leading rowing school.

—S. A. Patman

Rossall School will appear in January 19 issue.

JANUARY

ANCESTRAL VOICES

In January 1878 there was opened in London the first Exhibition of the telephone. Our Almanacks tell us little about it. Gladstone did not make a statement, nor the Laureate compose an Ode, for the event. Only the comic weeklies ran jovial prognostications of the horrors-to-come from the invasion of the privacy of the home.

Today we no longer have any privacy worth invading. But what became of those early telephone machines? Screwed to the wall, with a good deal of fancy woodwork, they ran on steam (didn't they?), they had a little black wheel for cranking up with, and a mouthpiece clumsily adjustable to the speaking height of grandfather (6 ft.) and grandmother (5 ft. 2 ins.)

Where have these contraptions gone? We have our own theory to answer this otherwise baffling question. In the daredevil romances of our childhood, the hero (intrepid Subaltern on a special mission) or villain (guttural anarchist) often put through a 'phone call, and then made sure that nobody else would. How did he do it? He 'tore the whole machine from the wall by its roots, and threw it on the floor'. The Edwardian telephones could stand up to a lot, but they couldn't survive being torn out by the roots and thrown on the floor by characters in *Chums* and the *B.O.P.* Sooner or later the breed became extinct.

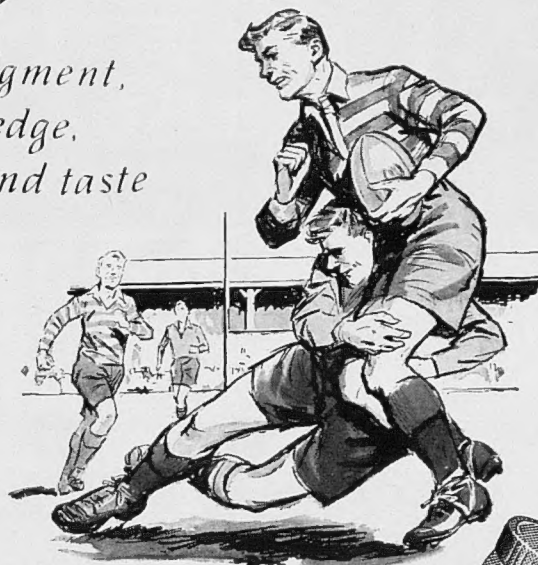


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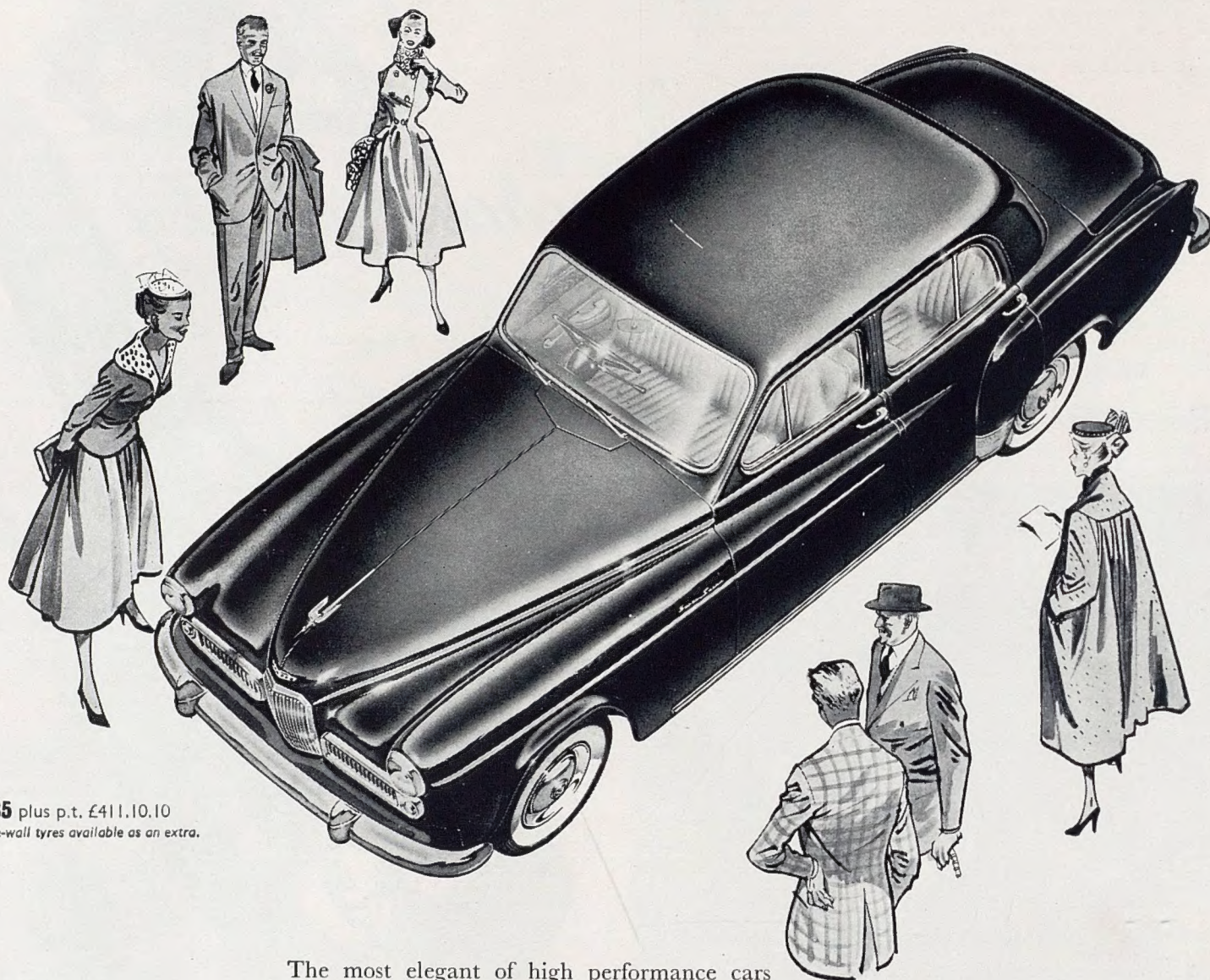
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